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CHRONICLE

Home News.—The mediators have made little progress this week. True, Ruiz, Mexico's acting Secretary of Foreign Relations, has announced that negotiations are progressing satisfactorily; and Mr. Bryan has written deprecating the report that the outlook for a favorable settlement is poor. Despite this, many days have passed without advance towards a final agreement. Carranza's answers to the mediators' request has not yet arrived at Buffalo. His friends declare that he will neither grant an armistice nor agree to submit Mexico's internal problems to the decision of the Niagara conference. According to their statement, he is willing to confer concerning Mexico's relations with this country, permitting discussion of such internal problems as are bound up with these relations. Washington is still optimistic, feeling that Carranza will eventually yield, for the plain reason, that should he become president, he will find the United States helpful in settling many of his outstanding difficulties with European countries. Meantime our position becomes more delicate each day. It is believed that England has protested once again to us concerning Benton's death. Arms have left United States ports for the rebels. Some of the cargoes have been landed in Mexico; the others are on the way there. A double difficulty has arisen out of this. In many quarters our Government is accused of breaking its pact with the mediators, in permitting this exportation of munitions of war. Then, too, Huerta has ordered the blockade of Tampico to prevent his enemies from obtaining the ammunition consigned to that place. As a consequence a delicate problem has arisen. Should the United States prevent the blockade, the Federals will probably consider

this a hostile act, a sad blow to the A. B. C. conference. Should our Government not prevent the blockade, it will be recharged with insincerity in professing desire for peace with Huerta. According to some persons the latter has a right to blockade the port, sufficiently to prevent the landing of the arms. Meantime the President is optimistic and continues to profess a feeling of benevolence towards Mexico. On June 5 he told the graduates of Annapolis that our army and navy were used not as instruments of aggression but in the service of humanity and civilization, and he prayed God that it might not be necessary to use further force at Vera Cruz. The other side of the question was exposed by Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University, who pilloried the President for unwarranted interference in the domestic concerns of a foreign nation. Just here is one of the weak points of our whole policy.

The three trust bills, many of whose features have been explained already in AMERICA, have passed the House. The bills are the Clayton bill, the railway capitalization bill and the interstate trade commission bill. The first named, which contains the major part of the anti-trust program, was passed by a vote of 275 to 54; the third, by a vote of 325 to 12. The portion of the Clayton bill, which refers to labor organizations is of intense interest to all. This provision, which consists of a double amendment that proved very popular with the House, provides for the organization and legitimate operation of labor, farmers', fraternal, consumers' and horticultural organizations and declares that all such organizations, orders, associations or the members thereof shall not be held or construed to be illegal combinations in restraint of trade under the anti-trust laws. The bill legalizes peaceable strikes, boycotts and picketing, much to the disgust of

many of our leading papers which see a grave danger in the legislation. The New York *Evening Post* in an editorial of singular power and dignity deplores both this part of the bill and the mob-psychology which brought the Representatives into line for it without protest. It says in part:

Needless to say, the *Evening Post* thinks this is a bad thing. But a worse thing is the decline of moral courage, and of one of the most needed forms of civic virtue, which the whole transaction argues. It will take time to tell exactly what the new law means. After the courts have interpreted it, we shall doubtless be able to make shift to get along with it. But no time is needed, nor is any judicial opinion, to enable Americans to pronounce a moral judgment on yesterday's action by the House. It was as bad a case of flabby surrender and of mob-psychology as this country has ever seen.

The bill will probably meet with resistance in the Senate: and the courts will more probably tone it down by their interpretations. Even now many judges are of the opinion that peaceful boycotts are a practical impossibility. The outcome will be awaited with great interest. At any rate it is to be hoped that the legitimate rights of both capital and labor will be safeguarded definitely and satisfactorily.

Albania.—The day that Prince William of Wied left his palace in Durazzo to seek safety in an Italian warship, he practically ended, in the opinion of many, his reign as

*The Tottering
Throne*

Mpret of Albania. Though he subsequently returned to the palace, which is guarded by Italian marines, he was coldly received by the Albanians. They comment bitterly on his hurried departure from the unprotected capital and enthusiasm for the Prince has evaporated. The flight was fatal to his prestige and the relations of His Highness are reproaching him for damaging by his conduct the German army's reputation for bravery. It seems that the Prince's troubles are largely due to the blunders made by his Dutch officers, who have been governing in too arbitrary a fashion for the Albanians. The crisis was also hastened by the Mpret's refusal to allow Essad Pasha, the Minister of War, to raise an army of 20,000 men; for Essad could not be trusted. He then resigned and led the revolt against William. Essad was subsequently deported to Italy and has promised not to return home without the Mpret's leave. The Austrian and Italian warships in the harbor of Durazzo are what is keeping William of Wied on the throne of Albania. Meanwhile the Commission of Control is conferring with the insurgents, who are insisting on the retirement of William and the appointment, say some, of a Moslem ruler instead, but others report that one of the Bonaparte family may be invited to reign. If the present Mpret of Albania decides to abdicate, and he appears to be seriously contemplating that step, perhaps the composition of a volume entitled, "Four Months on Albania's Throne" would net its royal author a comfortable addition to his income.

Canada.—The loss of life in the *Empress of Ireland* is at last fixed definitely at 1,027. She carried 1,479 souls, and of these only 452 were saved. Lord Mersey, who as

*Empress of Ireland
Wreck*

Mr. Justice Bingham, long presided over the British Admiralty Court, and was President of the Commission appointed after the wreck of the *Titanic*, to devise means for obtaining greater safety at sea, is on his way to Canada to preside over the inquiry. The disaster has produced some distrust of the St. Lawrence route. Whatever its dangers, these had nothing to do with this particular case. The master of the lost ship sighted the collier two miles away, between one and two points on his port bow, and the collier's navigator saw the *Empress*. Neither says what lights he observed, but, whatever these were, the problem of passing was, under the circumstances, one of the simplest of navigation, and the fact that a fog bank rolled across the two ships did not make it difficult. The question of responsibility lies between the two masters, not on the St. Lawrence. The *London Times* points out that the fog danger of the English Channel, of the Irish Sea, and above all, of the Thames, is at least equal to that of the St. Lawrence. Accidents have happened there. One remembers the *Northfleet*, emigrant ship, run down while at anchor in the lower Thames, but they are rare in proportion to the traffic. The reason is, no doubt, that navigators are more wide awake in crowded waters than in less frequented.

France.—Seeing trouble ahead from the opposition to the three years' military service bill, Doumergue handed in his cabinet's resignations, and Viviani, the blotter out of

Cabinet-making God in heaven, undertook to form a new one. He was anxious to have Léon Bourgeois for foreign affairs,

but failed, whereupon he undertook that department himself. He completed his work and was ready to take office, when he discovered that his colleagues were far from being of one mind on the great question of three years' service. There was nothing left for him but to go to the Elysée and tell of his inability to accept the President's invitation and gratify his own ambition. There was some talk of Delcassé; but if Viviani could not win support for the three years' bill, he felt he would not be able to do so. It seems that not a few candidates at the general election, seeing that public opinion was in favor of that measure, declared their adhesion to it. The second ballots encouraged them to profess their real opinions.

Germany.—A word about each of the four German-speaking cardinals recently created by the Holy Father may be of interest. They have risen from the most varied ranks and conditions of life, but have in common the one important prerequisite for their high office—sterling merit. Felix Cardinal von Hartman, who was born in 1865, is the scion of an ancient Münster

family. His immediate ancestors held honorable positions of public trust. A brother and sister consecrated themselves with him to the service of God. At the time of his ordination, in 1874, the May laws prevented him from exercising his priestly activities in his home diocese, and he accepted a chaplaincy in a German institution at Rome. He was made Bishop of Münster in 1911, and Archbishop of Cologne in the following year. The German Emperor bestowed upon him signal honors, and as a prelate he worthily represents the dignity of a great Catholic diocese.

Franz Cardinal von Bettinger, the second of the German cardinals, was born in 1850, the son of a workingman in very modest circumstances. In his early years he was obliged to help in his father's smithy. At the cost of personal sacrifices his parents procured for him the opportunities of preparing for the sacred priesthood. Their zeal was to be magnificently rewarded. After various promotions he was made Archbishop of München-Freising. His popularity is extraordinary. He is loved and venerated by his people, and has already given a remarkable impetus to Catholicity in Munich.

Cardinal Piffl was born in 1864, in the German-Bohemian town of Landskron. He became a novice amongst the Canons of St. Augustine, at Klosterneuburg, and took his solemn vows in 1887. For a long period he was active as a professor of moral theology in this institution. At the same time he devoted his attention to the Catholic press, and was a collaborator for various Catholic papers. He likewise took an active part in the political questions of the day. When placed at the head of his monastery he increased his activities in social and Catholic interests. As a consequence, his promotion to the Archbishopric of Vienna was heartily welcomed.

John Cardinal Czernoch, Archbishop of Gran and Prince Primate of Hungary, was born in 1852, at Szakobza, and ordained priest in 1874. The same year he became a canon of the cathedral and accepted a mandate as a representative in the Hungarian Parliament. He was made Bishop of Csanad in 1911, and finally was raised to the metropolitan see of Gran. His speech delivered at the sixtieth general convention of the St. Stephen's Society was taken up with enthusiasm by the entire Hungarian press. It showed his perfect grasp of the great problems facing the Church to-day.

Great Britain.—The Suffragists are less reasonable and more active than ever. Like all violent agitators, their rationality and activity are in inverse ratio. They

are now obsessed with the idea that the King is torturing women. This notion, though it ignores two patent facts, first that the women are torturing themselves by refusing to eat and drink, and second, that the King has nothing to do with the matter, urges them to follow him about and make absurd demonstrations. Some took their places opposite the royal box at the opera and attempted

to address him across the house. A Miss Blomfield, granddaughter of the Bishop of London of that name, while attending a court function, fell on her knees before the King and Queen, begging the former to stop torturing women. She was carried out of the room. Besides, they are burning churches, destroying works of art, and in Glasgow, just failed of blowing up the aqueduct that supplies much of the city's water.

The Lord Mayor of London, following the usual custom opened a relief fund for the Empress of Ireland sufferers. Just before the accident an account of the

Titanic fund was published, showing that some £200,000 is in hand, and that grants to the amount of about £20,000 were made last year to some 1,500 persons, an average of £13.68 to each. This is a noteworthy example of scientific charity. The subscribers to the fund presumed that their gifts would reach the widows and orphans as soon as possible. Science stepped in and said, "no." Two years after the disaster the relief fund is, in the main, still undistributed, a portion only having been dribbled out. The administrators have, of course, the best intentions; but their action seems very like a breach of trust.

Hungary.—Count Michael Karolyi, the successor of Kossuth as leader of the Hungarian party of independence, is to make a tour of the United States to collect funds for his party. It is thought that he will sail about the middle of the present month in company with thirty members of the Opposition.

Ireland.—The disturbances that were predicted to come off in Ulster following the final passage of the Home Rule Bill did not take place. There has been absolute quiet, and both parties took precautions to give no provocation to the other. Drilling, however, has gone on assiduously, especially in the northern counties, where it is estimated that the effective forces of the National Volunteers are now more numerous than those of the Carsonites. Three thousand paraded in Derby Park on Home Rule Day under command of Captain White and Sir Roger Casement, and the reports of the hundreds of celebrations throughout the country invariably contain this item: The parade was led by the National Volunteers. The enrollment for last week averaged 4,000 per day, and it is expected that 200,000 will parade in Dublin at the inauguration of the Irish Parliament. It has been also determined that the organization shall not be then disbanded as was Grattan's Volunteers, but shall be put on a permanent basis under national authority for the protection of their liberties. The confidence awakened by the spontaneity and universality of the movement has dispelled all fear of an Amending Bill, and has had a quieting effect on Unionist opposition in Ulster and in Parliament. Even covenanting recruits are joining the

organization, and it is significant that a Protestant congregation convened by two British officers to depose their rector, the Rev. D. Fletcher, because he had approved of the Volunteers, resolved instead: "It is time our voices were raised against the anti-patriotic and slavish political traditions to which our people have been so long in subjection."

The committee appointed by the Government to adjudicate on the action of the Postmaster-General, in permitting the Cunard Company to discontinue the calls of their transatlantic boats at Queenstown, has decided to give full opportunity to the Cork Harbor Commissioners and All-Ireland Mails Committee to show that the Queenstown Harbor is safe and ample for the Cunard boats, that improvements under way will enable it to accommodate the largest possible vessels, and that the discontinuance would cause grievous financial loss and business inconvenience to the entire country. The importance of maintaining and extending their shipping facilities was emphasized at the annual Congress of the Irish Technical Instruction Association at Killarney. The reports showed that many technical schools in all departments of industries have been established within the last few years, and the suggestion of Bishop Mangan that these should be further extended in appropriate centres, and that suitable technical instruction should be provided for in the primary schools, was adopted.

Mexico.—Consistent dispatches from Mexico still continue scarce. For the most part the press, especially the weekly reviews, gave space to Carranza and Villa to the exclusion of much that is favorable to the Federals. So true is this that an opinion has gone abroad that the Federals are beaten and all but disrupted. The following list of some of their reported successes may give a fairer estimate of their activity and courage: March 18, 1913, Carranza defeated at Laredo. August 13, 1913, rebels defeated at Torreón; loss 3,000. December 8, 1913, rebels defeated at Monterey. December 26, 1913, Monterey occupied by Federals. December 28, 1913, Zapata beaten twice. December 30, 1913, rebels defeated before Monterey. January 3, 1914, rebels defeated at Ozinaga. January 8, 1914, rebels defeated at La Mula Pass. January 10, 1914, Villa attacked by a column from Torreón; loss 1,080. February 14, 1914, Matamoras successfully defended by the Federals. March 10, 1914, rebels defeated at El Paso; loss 1,270. During the last-named month the rebels were defeated on six successive days at Laredo. May 10, 1914, or thereabouts, rebels defeated at Tampico; loss 1,500. Some time ago Sonora was reported safe and at peace in the power of the rebels. Late despatches report stiff fighting, with the Yaqui Indians engaged on the side of the Governor. Later still comes news that a battle is in progress at Hermosillo, the capital, and civil war has broken out. Martial

law has been proclaimed throughout the State. A month since Cuernavaca was said to be completely dominated by Zapata. June 5th brings news that the rebels have been defeated there by Federals. Other despatches relate that Villa and Carranza are at serious odds. This does not prevent the former from continuing his relentless war on priests, Brothers and Sisters. Whole communities are driven from the country without reason, and churches in Tampico have been turned into stables. As usual, all this is done in the name of liberty; but it is a liberty which none save tyrants can understand.

Portugal.—God brings good out of evil. He seems to be doing so at the present moment in Portugal. There are distinct signs of the fall of the Carbonari and of a Catholic awakening. One of the most notable signs of the latter was the recent congress of the federated societies of young men, held in Oporto. The assembly was numerous, brilliant and enthusiastic. The president of the congress was Don J. Francis Caraco, of the University of Coimbra. During the sessions many telegrams of sympathy and congratulation were received from various parts of Portugal, as well as from other countries. The work of the congress was accomplished by three sections. The questions proposed for consideration regarded the carrying out of the program of last year's congress, the extension and better organization of the societies, the resuscitation of works of zeal and beneficence ruined by the revolution, the spread of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and the Marian sodalities, catechetical work, the training of boys, sports as an inducement to join sodalities, and so on. Before the close of the congress a vigorous protest was sent to the Premier against the injustice and violence of the Government, and a demand was made for the liberty proclaimed in the Constitution of the Republic.

Spain.—A general strike of the merchant marine, of a most serious and injurious character, is taking place in Spain. It began on the Biscayan coast, with Bilbao as its centre, and spread down the Mediterranean, even to Cadiz. During the first stage of the strike 70 ships lay idle at Bilbao and the port was entirely inactive. The movement affects all Spanish ports, to some extent at least. Spanish vessels in foreign ports also feel its stress. Sailors of all ranks, from captains down, have combined against shipowners, with astonishing firmness, but entirely without violence. When the strike became general the Government interfered and representatives of both sides concerned met the Prime Minister in conference. As some of the claims made by the seamen affect the Government directly, there is a hope of a satisfactory settlement of the difficulty. The chief points at issue are compensation for accidents and the creation of a permanent fund for seamen's families in distress through the death or injury of wage earners.

Commercial and Industrial Facilities

National Congress of Young Men

Aspects of the War

Strike of the Merchant Marine

TOPICS OF INTEREST

Some Work for Graduates

This is the month of graduation exercises. Catholic colleges throughout the land are sending forth young men and young women set firm in much that is high and holy and hopeful. These children of the morning are going out to the battle of life inspired by the lofty purposes and noble ambitions of vigorous palpitating youth chastened under the influence of Catholic thought and Catholic traditions. The colleges are proud of their youthful graduates. And justly so; for they are a noble set, clean of heart, keen of intellect, and strong of will. They leave the portals of their Alma Mater with benedictions on their heads, followed by an affection that should be a consolation to them in trial and suffering. The world is waiting to receive them, ready to claim them as its citizens. Soon they will be down in the arena of life, waging a battle from which they will emerge either heroes or cowards. Strange scenes will lie round about them; new problems will vex their intellects; unwonted temptations will tease their wills; for, deny as we may, we have come to a critical period in morals and religion. Radicalism is replacing conservatism; ideals that were once thought essential for the safety of our nation have been swept aside in scorn; new standards of thought and action have been set up. Protagoras is honored once again in us; man has become sufficient unto himself, with the consequence that, despite the good found in modern civilization, there is a vast deal that fairly cries to heaven for remedy. This cry must be answered. No one can answer it with more confidence than our graduates. The fate of this nation depends, to a large extent, on Catholic principles worked out in the lives of educated men and women. The dangers that beset the State, the evils that are corrupting numerous hearts, the haunting sense of lack that is driving so many to desperation are met and matched and overmatched by Catholic doctrine and practice.

True, our graduates can not accomplish all this at once. Much of it is the work of mature men and women of different ranks and states of life. But the young can make a beginning. They have a distinct obligation in this regard which they seldom accomplish with entire satisfaction. They keep the faith, remain clean of heart and altogether upright. But this is but part of life's work. The demands of religion are broader than this. Others have claims on them. All about them are people who need their assistance, poor afflicted children of God, redeemed and sanctified in the blood of a common brother, Christ. The cities are thronged with boys and girls, heirs of the faith by baptism, waiting for the truth that will set them free, the word of God contained in the manuals of Christian doctrine. Their little souls cry out for help, and the cry is either unheard or else an-

swered by the howl of wolves in sheep's clothing. "I called for my friends, but they deceived me. They have heard that I sigh and there is none to comfort me."

To some extent this is our graduates' fault, they are neglecting part of the principles which they carried away from their college. Life has caught them in an eddy and swung them round and round, until they are giddy and thoughtless from the whirling. Thus people whom they could help are neglected. Boys are walking devious ways; girls are deflecting from the path of virtue; men and women are struggling with grinding poverty or tossing on beds of pain in charity hospitals, cellars and garrets, and no word of counsel or comfort or cheer, as the case may demand, is spoken to them. Who should do this, if not the graduates of the Catholic colleges? They have been brought up in the presence of the Crucifix which teaches lessons of love and mercy and pity. Whence, then, their apathy, their neglect of social work? Not a half of one per cent. of the goodly number of the young men who remain lay people are found amongst the gentlemen who are reflecting honor on the Church by their labors in the St. Vincent de Paul Society and the Ozanam Association. How many of these same graduates present themselves to their pastors with an offer to assist in the spiritual or corporal works of mercy? Yet such virtues are vital in the life of every Christian:

Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess you the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was hungry, and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty and you gave me to drink; I was a stranger, and you took me in; naked, and you covered me; sick, and you visited me; I was in prison, and you came to me. . . . Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these, my least brethren, you did it to me.

This surely is worthy of serious thought on the part of the army of young men and women who are now receiving their degrees. There is another point too which demands the consideration of the young men. In their class of ethics, they heard much of the State. They learned its nature, its end, its obligations toward citizens and so on. All this they realize. But do they realize, as well, their obligations to the State? They have heard about them. Will they observe them? Many men of intelligence and probity rejoice in the protection the commonwealth affords them and their property, cast their votes for their party with unfailing regularity, and then imagine that their duty is done. Not so. The true citizen of education meets many civic obligations. He upholds lawful authority by word and deed: he demands justice for all: he combats doctrines subversive of law and order. Just as he is not afraid to defend the State, so neither is he afraid to rebuke it, when it transgresses the limits of its authority by unwarranted interference with the family or the Church. The real citizen knows his duties and performs them fearlessly: knows his rights and insists on them according to the enlightened dictates of conscience, knows the State's prerogatives and obligations and sees

to it as far as lies in his power, that the former are respected and the latter fulfilled. This requires more than adherence to a party and the mechanical casting of a vote. It demands a watchful eye, an enlightened conscience, a clean heart, assistance to movements that tend upward to heaven, legitimate resistance to movements that tend downward to earth.

Never was there more need of such service than there is to-day. A double cause then is calling for recruits: individual men and women and children stand in need of assistance: so, too, does the State. Here are two spheres of action in which lay-graduates of Catholic colleges are not exerting the influence warranted by their training. Is there hope of better things?

THE EDITOR.

The Social Reign of the Sacred Heart

The French proverbially excel in the felicities of language. They have given us the happy expression, *la politique du Sacré Cœur*. It refers to the promotion of a national and social devotion to the Heart of Jesus such as was fostered by many of the Catholic princes in the eighteenth century. Its most heroic example in recent times may be found in the life of Garcia Moreno, the "Martyr President" of Ecuador. The act by which he meant officially to consecrate his country to the Sacred Heart was found upon his murdered body, and is now kept in the archives of the Vatican.

True and deep devotion to the Sacred Heart can not possibly remain a mere personal affection for Our Lord. It must of necessity become social, national, world-embracing, at least in intentions and aspiration. "I am come to cast fire on the earth: and what will I, but that it be kindled?" "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He send forth laborers into His harvest." "I have a baptism wherewith I am to be baptized: and how am I straitened until it be accomplished?" Such was the longing of Our Lord for souls, even unto the baptism of His own Blood consummated for us upon the cross. Unless something of this same zeal has taken possession of our hearts we have indeed understood little of that devotion to which the month of June is especially dedicated. Devotion to the Sacred Heart must be self-sacrificing and apostolic. When in the year 1673 Our Lord appeared to Blessed Margaret Mary and disclosed to her His Sacred Heart, He said:

This is the last effort of my love once more to save the world. By this I wish to reign. Yes, my Divine Heart shall reign.

Even during the days of His mortal life, in the face of a pagan Roman court, within hearing of the scoffing priests and ancients of the people, He declared that His mission was to reign. The soldiers mockingly saluted Him, "Hail, King of the Jews!" He was crowned with thorns and given a reed for His sceptre. Above His head His cause was written upon the cross: "This is

Jesus the King of the Jews." But it was not only over the little realm of Jewry that He had come to reign. His subjects were henceforth to be the hearts of all the faithful, circumcised in their inordinate affections and made perfect in their renunciation of the world for love of Him: "My kingdom," He said, "is not of this world." It is the kingdom for whose coming we daily pray in the Our Father, and for whose realization the majority of us do so little in our own daily life.

But why refer in particular to the reign of the Sacred Heart? Why not simply to the reign of Jesus?

The first reason is because Our Lord Himself has willed it so, as we learn from His repeated revelations to Blessed Margaret Mary. The same desire was again expressed more than two hundred years later in the revelations which led to the consecration of the whole world, Catholics and Protestants, Jews and pagans, to the Sacred Heart. But there is likewise an intrinsic reason which Our Lord Himself has assigned. It is no other than the waning of love in the world. It is this, He tells us, which calls for the last supreme effort of His divine love in our regard. What else is the cause of the entire social problem which agitates the world, if not the want of this love? Men either do not know Christ, or knowing Him they do not love Him as they ought. In either case the heart of mankind is left cold and irresponsible. It does not heed the laws of justice because it has already neglected the laws of charity. It is therefore by love that the world must be saved. Human love will not suffice. Divine love alone can reawaken the dead bones of a godless and selfish civilization and breathe into them the new life of grace. Human love will seek in vain to fill the daily widening gulf, the chasm cleft open by divergent interests, economic greed and social hatred. Divine love alone can again unite class with class, consume pride and ambition, selfishness and hate. It is therefore to that love, both divine and human, of the God-man Christ the Saviour, whose symbol is the Sacred Heart, that we confidently look for the renovation of modern society.

It is no mere personal opinion that is here expressed. It is nothing less than the supreme conviction of the great social Pontiff Leo XIII himself. The belief in an intimate relation between the social problems of our day and the devotion to the Sacred Heart was more than once clearly voiced by him. The reason of His dedication of the world to this Divine Heart, he said, is "to provide a remedy for the evils of the day." It will suffice to quote his words which were spoken in 1893 to the delegates of the Apostleship of Prayer.

Jesus Christ, he said, had deigned to reveal to His servant Margaret Alacoque that devotion to the Sacred Heart was pre-ordained by God to cure selfishness—the capital wound of modern society—that selfishness which is the idolatry of self or the worship of one's own sensuality and pride; that egoism which substitutes self for God and places it above humanity, thus referring everything to self and usurping all the rights of God and the Church, of individuals and society; that selfishness

which breaks all the bonds of social and Christian life by combatting at once religion and morality, authority and faith, property and family. . . . Now is there any means better adapted to combat it than the powerful flames of love which, starting from the most loving Heart of Jesus, have enkindled the whole world with the happy flame of charity by breathing the spirit of a new moral and civic life into the corpse of pagan society. "I am come to cast fire upon the earth." But as the preservation of things can be produced only by their general principle, and the general principle of Christian society is the love of the Divine Heart, it must also be its means of restoration.—*Missions and Retreats of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Rev. John B. Nolin, S.J.*

Here we have in brief the entire social purpose of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. No less is proposed to us than the renewal of all things in Christ, the keynote of the apostolic pontificate of Pope Pius X. How then can any one say that he finds no work to do for God and for the coming of His kingdom upon earth. Let him begin with his own heart, and dedicate it entirely, through the Heart of Mary to the Sacred Heart of her Son. Let him draw from this overflowing fountain of infinite love until his own heart is filled with divine charity and in turn overflows with that zeal whose nature is ever more to expand without limit. Gifted thus with a new vision, looking out upon the world through the eyes of Christ, he will see opportunities on every hand, enough to consume, before his task is but half begun, the little measure of his human strength. Where opportunities are wanting they can readily be made. Let him learn from the foe who is never idle for want of work. "With zeal have I been zealous for the Lord God of hosts." Such is the lesson and such the grace of the Sacred Heart for the month of June. JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

Language, Religion and Immigration

An American resident in France has called our attention to an article in *Revue Pratique l'Apologétique* of March 15, by the late Abbé Guibert, S.S., stating that language and religion are the chief factors in preserving the racial characteristics of a people, and that race and language are essential elements in conserving the religion of its emigrants. The first part of the thesis seems well founded. A nation's language, carrying down in an unvarying channel the centuries traditions of a race, links together the habits, customs and ideals of the present with the past; and continuity of the same religious beliefs and practices perpetuates identity of thought and action in those matters which impress themselves on mind and heart as most solemn and sacred. It therefore exerts constant influence on the formation and conservation of character, reacting not infrequently on expression and physique; when religion is true and enforced, its doctrines beget right thinking, its morals right living, and the interaction of both tends to produce and conserve a race mentally and physically sound. The loss of a language in which the varied and distinctive expression of a religious race is treasured is detrimental to religion

and race, as the Gaelic Revivalists have realized in Ireland; but Ireland is also a witness that it need in no way be destructive of either.

England and much of France are proof that a people's language may survive religion, but also that their best characteristics do not. "Gentle France" exists only where Faith survives, and since Reformation days "Merrie England" begets merriment only by its irony. But Faith is not based on tongues, neither in its roots nor its fruits, even when the faithful are transplanted. That the retention of the language which holds their oral and written traditions, racial and religious, conduces to the permanence of both, and the loss of it to their decadence, especially for emigrants settling amid a populace of opposite faith, is undoubtedly true. French Canada exemplifies the former, and examples of the latter are countless. The children of the Cromwellian settlers in Gaelic-speaking Ireland learned Gaelic, and grow up as Catholic and Irish as the rest. But the Catholic religion yields less easily to such influences. The presence of some 16,000,000 English-speaking Catholics in the United States, nine-tenths of whose ancestors a few generations back spoke Gaelic, German, Slavic, French, Italian, etc., is ample refutation of the thesis that the conservation of lingual and racial distinctiveness is essential to religious continuity. Our correspondent, however, is less concerned with M. Guibert's theory than with the following proofs he alleges in support of it:

Catholicism has suffered a frightful loss among the Irish emigrants to the United States. Certain authors reckon as high as twenty million the number of defections that have taken place during several centuries among a people who, on their native soil, are remarkable for their faith. . . . The two causes of this apostasy are: the lack of a special language and the lack of priests from their native land. Speaking English, having no language which would isolate them from their surroundings and group them together, the Irish quickly amalgamated with the English and American elements, and embraced their ideas, their religion or their indifference.

Regarding these statements we are asked:

Has M. Guibert exaggerated the number of Irish, by birth or by descent, who have apostatized in the United States? If he has not, is his explanation of this apostasy the correct one?

Both questions can be answered together. In the first place, apostasy is the wrong word. A large number of Catholic Irish were forcibly deported by Cromwell, and by, or with the connivance of, his successors, as slaves and "redemptioners," and scattered through the colonies where priest and church were barred, and everything Catholic was anathema. Many were mere children, and if these grew up in the ways around them they could not justly be called apostates. The adults and the more or less free emigrants who came towards the end of the eighteenth century had, for the most part, to marry Protestants, if they married at all, and the marriage, to be legal, had to be performed in a Protestant church. This, with the inevitable intercourse in school and social relations, made it practically impossible for the children

to be other than Protestant, unless where Irish communities were established. The authorities were careful that this should not occur, and where such establishments were effected, in Maryland, Philadelphia, and a few other places, the Faith of the parents was transmitted, usually in the teeth of grievous disabilities. Under similar circumstances in pioneer States and throughout the South, the Faith was gradually lost, though seldom consciously renounced, not because of their loss of language, though most Irish immigrants of the period were Gaelic speakers, but because of conditions that, humanly speaking, were bound to preclude the transmission of language or religion. The continuity of the priesthood was heroically maintained at home, but priestly immigration was effectively prohibited.

Of the total loss there can be no accurate estimate; but it must not be called apostasy. Reckoning all our non-Catholics who are to some degree descended from Irish Catholic immigrants since 1650—and few of these are of unmixed Irish blood—we are inclined to place the figure not far below M. Guibert's, Mr. Maginniss' "Irish Contribution to American Independence" (reviewed in *AMERICA*, Vol. IX, 16 and 17), shows that the number of Irish Catholics imported as slaves, servants and free, was very large, and their intermarriage with Protestants the usual procedure; so that their Protestant descendants in 1776 formed a considerable part of the then population of 2,200,000. As priests arrived and dioceses were formed the subsequent losses decreased, but many children of the famine-stricken immigrants of 1847, and the following decade, were picked up by Protestant societies and families, and reared in their faith. Several of these became noted Protestant preachers. Allowing for the influence of Irish fecundity in the various intermixtures, the number of American Protestants who have some Irish Catholic blood would probably approach twenty millions. The purely Catholic proportion would be scarcely one-sixth of this; but at all periods, and particularly now, the number of deliberate apostates among Irish Catholics is negligible.

Our foreign friends seem prone to misjudge American conditions, especially when working out a theory for a purpose. Our correspondent cites from another European magazine this passage:

Life in American cities is so hard that nature can not resist it. With very few exceptions families become extinct in the third generation. Were it not for the continual inpouring of immigrants the deaths would surpass by far the births in all our American cities.

The United States death-rate, 13.9 per 1,000, is less than that of any European country, except Sweden, which has 13.8. In Italy it is 21.4, in France 19.6, in Germany 17.3. The city average is somewhat higher here, as elsewhere, but of all our cities of 100,000 population and over, not one has a death-rate as high as the general rate in Italy. New York is 14.5. Moreover, the increase of population is considerably larger in our cities

than in the urban districts, and this is equally true of States that are not affected by immigration. There are but two States, and these among the least populous, Montana and Wyoming, that show a greater increase in the rural districts than in the cities. Civic growth is due, of course, to influx, as well as to births, but the wild assertion of "extinction in the third generation" is refuted both by figures and experience. It is true of part of the New England stock, and here and there and elsewhere, but as a general statement it is no more of America than of Europe.

It is quite commendable for foreign writers to endeavor to keep their people at home and prevent their country's veins being bled by emigration, but ultimately they will not serve the interests of their publications or their people by reckless misstatements, especially when the facts are easily ascertainable. The language errors, touching not only facts but principles, are still more dangerous. Language and racial customs are often conservative of religion, as are many other unessential helps, and it is laudable to foster them in reason, especially where they have rights of priority and constitutional authorization; but we must not make of them a fetish. The Catholic Church can prosper through whatsoever tongue has words enough to explain her creed. Those who identify language with religion are preparing apostasy for those of their people who come under the necessity of receiving religious ministrations through another tongue. Such teaching is Gallican and Protestant, rather than Catholic. The capacity of Catholicity to diffuse itself through all lingual mediums may be called a part of "the gift of tongues."

M. KENNY, S.J.

The Young Man and Architecture*

The professional career is always alluring to our Catholic youth. Such is the superb contempt of many of them for mere trading, it is easy to believe they were once, indeed, a nation of princes. In the rebound from an episodic estate as the hewers of wood and the drawers of water they have evidently grasped at the professions as the easiest compromise with their original dignity. They spend money with a royal good will, but are impatient with the dull, drab processes of acquiring. The atmosphere of marts and machinery seems to chill their temperament which is exhilarated by the vivid personal life of the professions. This may all be well. It is pleasant to see the Catholic blood pumping to the heights. But too many of our young fellows, I am bound to say, are lolling about the professional threshold to-day, as if careers not only began, but ended there. Catholics would have made a greater impression than they have on the professional life of America had there been allied to native talent some of the intensive industry so characteristic of other elements of our population. He who

*The fifth of a series of vocational articles.

would reach professional eminence must be content for a time to burrow out of sight. The young lawyer, who is an embryonic politician besides, is not succeeding merely because he gets his name occasionally in the papers.

Having found his vocation, I would say to the youth: Be satisfied with nothing short of success. Since the end of business is money, success in this field is money, honorably acquired. Money occasionally may be won in the profession, but there it is not the measure of success, and the fattest of purses will not count a scruple in the estimate. Be enthusiastic about what you are doing and aim at the high places. Do not brood over your salary as though it were the final issue of your investment. This has a singular way, under the right conditions, of taking care of itself.

My own vocation gave me no concern; my mother had detected it when I was seven. Certain deflecting enthusiasms were permitted me during my 'teens, as when at eighteen I was persuaded I had a call from the drug and soda water interest, but mother was not to be denied, and I was ordered into architecture. What the portent was I have no idea, for in no significant respect was I precocious. Yet some sign I must have carried to lead me so unerringly to a happy and congenial profession. I regret I had not been more curious, that I might know and teach again how to read destiny on young foreheads. As it is, any attempt to deal with early significances is not without its dangers. Is not biography teeming with literary geniuses sprung from the duncehood of the hobbledehoy? Psychological science is engaged on an interesting mechanism, we are told, by which on some to-morrow vocations may be determined to a hair. It will be a delicate instrument, indeed, if it so surely separate the seed that the budding author is not found growing by mistake in the critics' garden.

I find relatively few Catholic boys in architecture. It would be interesting to know why, when law and medicine beguile so many. One would suppose it a more attractive profession than either of these. Being an art, as well as a science, it brings into play a more interesting range of faculties. The life of the architect has its rare felicities; the thrill, for instance, which comes with that sense of actual creation, as the offspring of his fancy slowly rears its beautiful shape into the sunlight of the street; the historical pride, no less profound, of expressing enduringly the genius of his own day. To contribute notably to the physical beauty of his native city is a fine patriotism, and the Catholic architect may make his art an act of worship by manifesting the glory of God's holy religion through the shaping of His material temple.

Is there not a general haziness about the natural endowments required for the pursuit of architecture? The convincing qualification is mistakenly understood to be a taste for drawing. Boys frequently come to me with architectural ambitions and carrying no other evidences,

than pen-and-ink copies of fashionable ladies and gentlemen from the cartoons of Mr. Gibson. Obviously, the talent implied here is only pictorial and might as logically lead to any one of half-a-dozen directions. The business of the architect's drafting room is not the making of pictures. Drawing is merely alphabetic: design is the thing. The ability to draw is doubtless a highly prepossessing accomplishment in a youth who seeks to get a footing in an architect's office, and, indeed, may definitely be set down as a prerequisite.

A course in architecture in a good technical school, such as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, should precede actual work in the office. This provides instruction in artistic design, as well as in the scientific principles of building. Such a course varies from three to four years. Students, who can afford to do so, often supplement this with additional training in design at the École des Beaux Arts in Paris. Some poor boys have succeeded fairly well in architecture, however, who have not had these advantages, just as men have reached high public position by self-cultivation. Extraordinary industry can overcome many handicaps. I have frequently seen the product of the technical school outstripped in the office by the less articulate high school boy of temperament and imagination. Indeed, some of the best architectural designers I know have risen through the ranks from the position of mere office boy. Only the exceptional among them, however, become practising architects, and those who do so would, I think, be readiest to acknowledge the importance of thorough academic and technical study. Robust health is an important asset to the youngster who would be an architect. There will be much leaning over drawing-boards, and this is not well for delicate youths. Moreover, the vigorous constitution is apt to mean the right psychology. The architect is not a dreamer of dreams. He must have a normal, wholesome optimistic view of life, he must deal with the concrete imaginatively.

Must I speak of the rewards of the profession? Progressively, they are slow enough and, even ultimately, unexciting. Art is proverbially long. Time was when the beginner in the office could not expect compensation for at least a year. This, with due regard for the fact that he was worth no more, was somewhat inhuman. He is now usually encouraged by the nominal weekly stipend of three dollars. After five years he may earn from fifteen to twenty. Not many draftsmen exceed two thousand a year, and for a while even the full-fledged practitioner must be satisfied with no more than this. There are many wealthy architects, but few acquire wealth through their profession. As a class, however, they are what even the world may call well-to-do. Moreover, holding life in a just proportion, their expanding sympathies make for a rich content in which even the less favored conceal no envy for the Philistine.

CHARLES D. MAGINNIS,

Fellow of the American Institute of Architects.

The Kongo at Present

It is safe to say that in no colony in the world has there ever been shown such missionary activity as in the Kongo. Its record is unparalleled. During the first twenty-five years of its existence 800 missionaries, representing twenty-two religious institutes, have gone out in answer to the appeals of Leopold II, and the Government of Belgium. Of these 600 are still alive. Missions have been established everywhere at fairly close intervals, except in Mayumbe, Katanga, and a few other places, for which, as yet, only inadequate provision has been made.

Happily these extraordinary efforts have met with corresponding success. Conversions are taking place in the Kongo faster than anywhere else. We are told that in India the movement towards Christianity has run twice as rapid as in Ancient Gaul; and yet India is far behind the Kongo. In India the Christians, Catholic and Protestant combined, scarcely number fourteen to the 3,000, and this after a full century of evangelization; in the Kongo, after only a quarter of a century, the Catholics alone number fourteen to every 2,000 inhabitants. So much for the past, the future promises still more. At certain points, notably at Kiow, Ruku, and Lake Leopold II, the Kongo is coming over to the Faith *en masse*. In the words of the great missionary-bishop, Mgr. Roelens, "Truly the Kongo's aspirations are all towards Christianity."

But what of the sincerity of these conversions? Is there any guarantee of their stability? During a recent visit, Father Vermeersch, the distinguished Canonist of Louvain, watched the converts at close range. He was admitted to the private circle of their daily family life. He found these people characterized by generosity and fidelity of an exalted type, especially since the blacks of the Belgian Kongo, like their brothers of Uganda, have begun to have their martyrs. He was prepared to find them good, he has found them better than he thought—heroic to a degree he never suspected.

Islamism offers no obstacle to the realization of the missionaries' hopes. It is doomed unless the mosques are rebuilt. No more does Protestantism, at least, such as is preached in the Kongo. It makes no appeal to the heart of the black. A rich harvest, therefore, may be confidently expected, if only the agents of the State do not oppose the missionaries.

The Kongo's real enemy is the sectary, who is scattering hate and discord broadcast. What ever may have brought them from their native country to Africa—we judge not the intention—the undoubted fact remains, that for a long time the Kongo has been regarded as their refuge, almost as their asylum. It rests with the Catholic youth to come to the rescue by going out to the Colony, and there taking up positions of trust and importance; but they must be fired with enthusiasm, and must set before themselves high ideals. The Kongo

will not long remain Belgian, unless it becomes entirely Christian.

On the other hand, the very existence of the Kongo is menaced by the sleeping sickness, a plague of most fatal character. The situation, however, is not hopeless. Courage, perseverance, generosity and energy can do for other villages what they have done for Upala on the Tanganyika. This Christian village has risen from its ruins, and the blacks are amazed: the surrounding country has been cleared to the extent of many miles, and the tsetse has disappeared. The population had fallen from 3,000 to 800; it has increased, so that to-day it numbers 1,300.

The blacks have more good qualities than they are usually credited with. They are brave, defending their honor and fighting to attain their end; they indulge in pleasantries; they are capable of friendship and devotion; they have even a certain appreciation of the beautiful. Are they grateful? This is disputed, but it would seem that they are. They have defects, but they are to be attributed to the character of their family life: the father leaves the child in its mother's hands until it is old enough to work, and the mother's love has only one result, it spoils the child.

The economic future of the Kongo is bright. The mines will prove everything that has been hoped of them; the rubber trade will survive its present crisis, like other interests in the Kongo. The generous sacrifices that Belgium is making to regenerate and save its black African brethren will obtain in the end not merely the gratitude of its beneficiaries, but riches as well, and glory, and both in abundance. G. DUMONT, S.J.

THE PAGEANT AND MASQUE OF ST. LOUIS

On a stage declared to be the largest in the world, facing a natural amphitheatre crowded to its capacity of 100,000 spectators at each representation, the Pageant and Masque of St. Louis were presented by 7,500 citizens of that city as a fitting commemoration to mark the completion of a century and a half of civic existence. Although the services of the actors were given without pay and the rewards to the authors and managers were very modest, the expenses borne for the most part by voluntary contributions of citizens amounted to no less than \$125,000. It is estimated that no fewer than 400,000 spectators viewed the four performances, while tens of thousands who came were unable to secure positions within sight of the stage. We have dwelt thus on the physical bigness of the production for the reason that it seems impossible to do it adequate justice without touching at least briefly on these impressive features.

It might perhaps be objected that the dialogue of the Pageant was in parts somewhat prosy and that the lofty spirit of the Masque was in a great measure caviare to the general; but in gorgeousness of costume, in vastness of concept, in variety of incident, and above all in the marvelous play of group and light and color, the production was unique among modern scenic spectacles. Because of the immense area of stage and amphitheatre the spoken lines were lost to most of those in the great throng, but while the ear was not filled with hearing, the eye, at least was filled with seeing.

The stage, with a semicircular front of 880 feet followed the outlines of the city's river front, and a sheet of water 125 feet in width, flowing between the stage and the audience, represented the Mississippi.

The Pageant

The Pageant, by Mr. Thomas Wood Stevens, is a review of the prehistoric and historic days of the city from the time of the Mound Builders to the close of the Civil War. The time chosen for the production of the Pageant was the waning day, the action beginning at twilight and continuing until after sunset. The Mound Builders, the Indians, the Spanish under De Soto, the canoes of Marquette and Joliet and the French troops under La Salle contribute action, variety and color to the First Movement, while the Second and Third are occupied with the period from the foundation of the city by Laclède and Chouteau in 1754, through its succeeding occupancy by the Spanish, French and American forces and concluding with the torch-light procession which marked the joy of the populace at the conclusion of peace in 1865.

It will be seen that the Pageant reproduces the transition from savagery and barbarism to civilization and peace. Mr. Stevens has made evident in a striking way the debt which civilization owes to religion. He has been true to the essential facts of history. In the De Soto scene by a few deft touches of art he has suggested the whole spirit of the early explorers; the *auri sacra fames*, that restless craving for gold which led them through the wilderness and the zeal of the Church to extend among new peoples the kingdom of Christ. As the Spanish chieftain, disappointed in his quest for gold resolves to abandon the expedition, he summons his band of priests and monks who rear a cross upon the summit of the mound and as the white men chant a litany, the natives stand with raised hands, reverencing a rite they dimly understand.

The action moves forward and two canoes sweep noiselessly down the river. At the prow of one stands the commanding figure of Marquette, "the Black Robe, beloved of the Great Spirit," "to whom all roads are open." The red men crowd to the water's edge, pleading with the missionary to remain among them and teach them to know the greatness of his Manitou. As the Father hesitates, Joliet makes answer that the way is long before them and they may not tarry, and so with a promise of prayers and with the hands of the missionary upraised in blessing the canoes sweep on to the southward.

As the new city rises from the clearing, the faith of the early pioneers is made evident in an elaborate religious procession which marks the dedication of the new church, and throughout the scene the old Catholic Cathedral lifts its cross to heaven, an emblem of their loyalty and faith.

The Masque

As the Pageant is historical, the Masque, by Mr. Percy Mackaye, is pure symbolism. Amidst the gusts of screaming wind and the dissonant chorus of Wild Nature Forces the great figure of Cahokia, symbol of the earlier civilization, sits brooding, high on the central mound. He is mocked by the raging elements and the spirits of Cold and Heat, who have beaten down his people and turned "their thousand moons to ashes and his empire to a dream." In answer to his threnody of despair, Mississippi bears from the North a fair white child with golden hair, the emblem of the new civilization, and in his hand the cross-hilt of a gleaming sword. As the child rests on the knees of Cahokia, Wasapédon, the constellation of the Great Bear glowing in the heavens, draws attention to another barge coming down the great waters:

"Discoverers
Out of the loins of Rome,

Flaunting their lilies and lions,
Speaking with mouths of fire,
Bearing the cross of the Crucified,
They wander the world!"

As the stars fade swiftly and the waters are lighted with the red flush of dawn, the solemn chant of the *Veni Creator Spiritus* rises from the oncoming barge, stilling the war of the elements and putting to flight the Wild Nature Forces. Choir boys in vestments of white, led by black-robed priests, mount the steps of the mound and gather round the kneeling child chanting low the *Veni Creator Spiritus*. Then in a deep voice, a figure with uplifted cross gives the child his name:

"Now in the name of Christ,
Brother and Lover of man,
Rise and receive thy name,
Rise!—St. Louis."

Above the shrine, the symbol of the ancient ritual crumbles, and high in the air supplanting it appears a colossal cross burning with white fire.

After an Interlude, the symbolic figure of St. Louis reappears, a child no longer, but a warrior in shining armor, bearing aloft the mighty sword with its glittering cross-hilt. Around him gather the Pioneers, begging of him to lead them to the conquest of field and forest "in the lust of their youth." To them he extends the sword:

"This shall be as an axe;
Yea, as a scythe, as a spade."

But from the ground, rent by the shock of earthquake, rise the Earthy Spirits, defiant, Copper and Silver and Iron, the Metals and their molten compounds, led by Gold, "the Master and Maker of Men." Between St. Louis and the Pioneers and Gold and his followers there ensues a period of strife with varying fortunes, until St. Louis summons the cities to his aid to purge the temple of its unclean dweller. From the group of Arts and Sciences, Imagination steps forth and summons Love, who wrests the victory from Gold and his band of Spirits and fulfills the promise of St. Louis:

"Their chains shall be loosed,
Girders and intricate wheels shall they forge
Henceforth, to serve me and Him whom I serve!"

The Pageant and the Masque, the one by historic fact, the other by symbolic truth, teach the lesson that from barbarism, through faith and hope and love of God and man, succeeds the reign of civilization and of peace; that the spirit of the Old Faith rests upon the New World like a benediction, and over it the shining Cross of Christ gives promise of a brighter morrow.

CLAUDE J. PERNIN, S.J.

COMMUNICATIONS

Villa, the Persecutor

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Toward the end of April, when it became known that the Federal or Government troops had been defeated in Torreon and that the Spaniards had been expelled, the Superiors of the College of St. John, Saltillo, Coahuila, determined that all of the foreign Fathers and Brothers should go to the City of Mexico in order to escape molestation by the Revolutionists. A few days afterwards, the Federal troops, who had been repulsed in Monterey also, occupied the college and then began our sufferings, for besides the discomfort of having to live with these troops, there was fear that the Revolutionists, when reaching Saltillo, would burn the house. After three weeks, on the 19th of May, the Federal troops vacated the city and the rebels occupied the place, provoking

in so doing a terrible tumult which was the cause of some deaths. On the following day the rebels turned the college into a barrack and at once began to threaten us with complete despoliation. On Friday, the 22nd, Villa summoned all the clergy of the city and after grossly insulting them demanded that they should pay him a million dollars (pesos), threatening them with death in case they should not do so. . . . He moreover commanded the four foreign priests and the six Jesuits present to leave Mexican soil notwithstanding the fact that the Jesuits were Mexicans. . . . Meanwhile he held them as prisoners in the very house in which he had his headquarters. As it was simply impossible to secure the amount of money asked, he became enraged and declared that the Jesuits, besides contributing their share in completing the sum of one million pesos, would have to pay him 500,000 extra pesos, and if they did not obey they would have to stand the consequences. On Monday night, May 25, he aroused them at midnight and conducted them under cover of armed soldiers to a solitary house. Here they were informed that they were to be shot for disobedience, and the leader then asked: "Who shall be the first?" I stepped forward and said: "At your command." He took me to another room and asked me if I was prepared to die rather than to give up the money. To this I replied that I had not a cent. He then placed me at a distance of nine feet (three meters) and ordered his soldiers to shoot me, directing them not to aim at the head. They fired but did not harm me, as they only intended to intimidate me so that I would give them money. After that they took Father Kubèza to another part of the house and strangled him three times, until he became unconscious, and besides placing a revolver against his head, they fired a shot, without hurting him, however. Afterwards they took him to the room where they had left me under an armed guard. . . . They did the same to the other Jesuits; one of them, Father Macias, they struck twice with a sabre. Nor did they spare Father Ancirà, who had been quite sick for several days and at the time had a very high fever.

Finally on Thursday, May 28th, we were placed in a caboose attached to the train on which Villa was to return to Torreon. Unfortunately one of the soldiers of the escort became drunk and during the entire trip insulted us, threatening to kill us and discharging his revolver at frequent intervals. We were, as I have said, ten priests: six Mexican Jesuits, two French Eudists, one Benedictine, and an Italian secular priest. At one time this drunken rebel would have killed one of the French Fathers if a companion had not saved the priest's life. When we were half-way to Torreon, they placed us in a box car that had been used to transport horses, and there in the filth of this car we had to travel and spend the night. When we reached Torreon they paraded us like criminals through the streets with a mounted escort of soldiers. On Saturday, May 30th, we were dispatched to Chihuahua, and had to endure more insults from a drunken soldier. At last on Monday, June 1st, we left Chihuahua, and that evening reached El Paso and safety.

El Paso, June 3.

FRANCIS RICHARDO.

Young Men and Journalism

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As Mr. Wetmore's interesting paper on "The Young Man in Journalism" has stimulated several correspondents to communicate to you their approval and disapproval of the discouraging picture he has drawn of the career of the newspaper man, will you let me add my voice to deplore, in company with your recent correspondent from Philadelphia, that at the present moment, when the need for decent and able journalism is so very apparent, any argument of the traditional sort against the lives of

low-class reporters should, even in the most distant sense, affect the dignity and worth of the general journalistic body.

If we admit the conditions described by Mr. Wetmore, and verified in a general way by Mr. Horgan, whose long experience with the newspaper editorial offices eminently qualifies him to discuss the question, be correct, all the more need of better journalism and journalists, of schools for journalism attached to Catholic colleges, for watchfulness and help on the part of the hierarchy, the federated societies, and wealthy and influential Catholics, so that faithful and intelligent servants of religious truth shall not be outlawed by hostile corporations nor starved into dishonest service. Do we wish in North America a repetition of the spectacle presented in Europe to-day, where practically the entire world of journalism is banded together against the Church? When shall the so-called leaders awake to the fact that a press, which doles out a little notoriety for parish sociables and indulges in disrespect more or less veiled for every Catholic view, is not necessarily a non-partisan organism?

Let us learn something from the alert and high-minded Church journalism in England. I do not believe there is any hope for a great Catholic daily newspaper, such as has been projected on occasions; but there is certainly a crying need for self-respecting journalism. Encouragement, not discouragement, of those engaged in the profession, or about to undertake it with good motives, is certainly better than to ignore its vast power and reap the whirlwind.

THOMAS WALSH.

New York City.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

When Max O'Rell was over here some years ago, the newspapermen made much of him, and incidentally wove some weird and wonderful tales of the inside of New York Newspaperdom for his special delectation. He swallowed it all, and later we read with particular gusto his recital of these yarns for the benefit of his European public.

Mr. Wetmore's "The Young Man in Journalism," in AMERICA of May 16, reminds me of the joke played upon Max O'Rell and makes me wonder who it was that loaded him up with such a supply of misinformation about a department of a profession of which he seems to know very little, and why, of all media, AMERICA was selected for his fanciful tales of obscenity, profanity, immorality, drunkenness and filth in the city room. His whole screed is a libel, and an experience of forty years as a newspaperman gives me warrant for denying, almost *in toto*, everything he says.

Among newspapermen drunkenness and the other vices he enumerates are rare. Drunkenness is the unpardonable sin, and as for obscenity and profanity, you will hear far more on the streets and in the cars than in the city room. Mr. Wetmore's ignorance of the ways and the morals of the New York newspaperman is only equalled by his audacity in foisting it upon AMERICA, and the falsity of his statements in these particulars vitiates everything he says.

Furthermore, there are more practical Catholics on the New York press than in any other calling I know of, and I point to the attendance at the early morning Masses in St. Andrew's as partial proof of this.

JAMES A. ROONEY.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Now that we have had the word of two experienced journalists concerning the dangers of secular journalism, is it not time that we hear less of those closet theorists, who continually prate about the sufficiency of our secular dailies? And why should there be so very, very few of our Catholic papers, magazines and reviews making a consistent effort to arouse our Catholic people to the urgent and pressing need of a strong, virile press of their own? Our Catholic priests, schools, and

societies generally, have been all but asleep as to the existence of the greatest enemy of modern times—an evil press. No one likes to be prudish—nor is there reason to be—but, I fear, not only 400,000 Catholics of New York City, but all of us have been filling the coffers of a mammon “that is poisoning our minds as well as those of our children.”

H. A. FROMMELT.

Prairie du Chien, Wis.

State Centralization of Education

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The warning of “Veritas” in AMERICA of May 23 on “Is Our American Liberty of Education Endangered?” is not a prophecy but a fatal conclusion from concerted action to nationalize education. The aim is apparent in local and State agitation by promoters of the one idea. A short time ago a Convention of County Superintendents of Schools in the State of Missouri was held here in which the Unit Idea was warmly discussed, though defeated for the present. Its final adoption is coming. What are we Catholics doing to maintain our schools? The view now current among promoters of final compulsion is that private schools have been merely tolerated. What we need is organized agitation in local, State and Federal bodies. A campaign of education of our own people. The Germans call it *Kleinarbeit*. Let us learn from our opponents. The agitation in local bodies will gradually rise to the surface. And organization will make it effective generally. The surprise will not be sudden. Catholics will be prepared against State centralization and universal elimination of our schools. “It all depends on the leaders and patrons of private education,” concludes “Veritas.” It is not too late. Let the warning be heeded.

Jefferson City, Mo.

JOS. SELINGER.

Organize the College Graduates

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the issue of May 23 there is a letter from Reverend J. M. Crowley, of New London, Conn., about an organization for graduates of Catholic colleges. This surely is an excellent idea. Such a society would do untold good. At present few college men work hard for the Church; few, indeed, are even members of the Holy Name or St. Vincent de Paul Society. Father Crowley writes of the problem of organization. It seems to me that one way to effect this has been pointed out in the article, “Sociology and Catholic Education,” found in AMERICA for May 31, 1913, wherein it is shown how college graduates can be reached by the formation of Catholic clubs. As for men out of college, why can not the great national societies already existing swing them into line? There are leaders ready to encourage this work. We have one such whose motto is “Unity.” Unity has made the Catholics of this diocese one. Why can not all Catholics listen to this motto? Were they to do so, they would wonder at their strength.

V. A. GOOKIN, D.M.D.

Boston, Mass.

“The Damnable Iniquity of Proselyting”

To the Editor of AMERICA:

An estimate recently made of the population of the City of New York, according to the statistics of the Board of Health, says that there are in the Borough of Brooklyn 1,888,864 souls. This is the third largest urban community in the country, ranking next to Chicago. In it five large Italian colonies invite the special energies of the soul-hunters. The Brooklyn *Eagle*, which is a faithful and reliable recorder of local activities, in its issue of Sunday, May 24, printed the following:

Religious men and women of Brooklyn are now pushing forward the plan to establish “Centres” in the foreign colonies of the borough. This work is under the direction of the Brooklyn City Mission and Tract Society, managed and controlled by some of the most wealthy and prominent men in business and social life. The first of these “Centres” to open its doors is the Goodwill Centre, on York street. Its home in the old York Street M. E. Church is now the Mecca for the thousands of children of the big Italian population residing in the section. Of course, the feature of this work is bound to revolve around the children as the coming generation of American citizens.

Denominational religion is neither taught nor talked within the confines of Goodwill Centre. The children are urged to go to church and Sunday school, any church and Sunday school. There is no attempt to wean them from the faith of their parents. It is a great and a growing work.

The Goodwill Centre is a Methodist enterprise and the foregoing account of its aims and progress, supplied, no doubt, through the official press agent, was followed in the *Eagle*, two days later, by this Episcopal view of the same situation:

The Rev. Samuel A. Chapman, senior curate of St. Paul’s Church, Clinton street, was the speaker last night at the regular monthly meeting of the Church Club of the Diocese of Long Island. His subject was “The Church and the Alien Population,” and he devoted the greater part of his address to an analysis of the difficulties which the Church has to face in dealing with the foreigners who have come to live among us.

In closing Mr. Chapman gave three reasons why, in his opinion, the problem of interesting and reaching the Italian is particularly difficult for the American Protestant Churches. . . . We must stop talking, said Mr. Chapman, about the stranger within our gates. We must make these people forget that they are strangers. And we of this particular denomination must stop all this silly talk about the damnable iniquity of proselyting. Because, if we are to help these people, we’ve got to proselyte.

Mr. Chapman is evidently an honest man with the courage of his convictions, ill-advised though they be. The contrast between the public exposition of these two forays into the “foreign colonies” speaks for itself. The summer is at hand with its Vacation Bible Classes, Fresh Air Excursions, Mothers’ Outings and all the other familiar enterprises. Will their promoters take Mr. Chapman’s advice and “stop all this silly talk about the damnable iniquity of proselyting”?

Brooklyn.

THOS. F. MEEHAN.

Mgr. Benson on English Fictionists

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I enclose my check for payment of subscription. This gives me the opportunity to say that I was very sorry to read your commendatory notice of Monsignor Benson’s lecture on English fictionists. The excellence of the Monsignor’s literary judgment is not evident at first sight, and is of no consequence. But when he commends “Lucas Malet,” as an approved Catholic writer, he must have forgotten, or have been ignorant of the fact, that one of her books is full of what St. Paul says should not be so much as named among Christians. It seems curious, too, coming from a Monsignor. It seems curious, too, that he should have the tacit commendation of AMERICA.

Boston.

G. L. L.

[In reporting as a news item the substance of a lecture AMERICA does not, of course, give thereby even a “tacit commendation” to everything the speaker says. Mgr. Benson seemed to be of the opinion that the novels of Lucas Malet, whose real name is Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison, Charles Kingsley’s youngest daughter, had improved ethically since her conversion. What the lecturer praised was the artistic construction of her stories. An immoral novel, however, offends against true art.—Ed. AMERICA.]

A M E R I C A

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1914.

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Attention is called to the article "Where Will You Send Him?" and to the letter, "Villa the Persecutor," by a Mexican priest, in this issue.

Georgetown

Just at present there is a celebration in progress in Washington that has a significance for every Catholic in the country. Georgetown University, our oldest Catholic institution of higher education, is keeping her 125th birthday amidst scenes of great joy and rare splendor. The old college on the hill has no need of a pen to write her record, nor of a tongue to sound her praises. Her record is woven into the history of the country: her praises are the souls of the noble men, professors and alumni alike, who have made her fair before heaven and great in the eyes of the world.

Georgetown's foundation was an act of heroism. For the days of 1789 were black, indeed. Catholics were few and poor and timid, and prospects of success were slim. But a hero met the emergency by a hero's vision: a hero put a hero's will into the plan; and to-day proud Georgetown, loveable in her unmatched traditions, firm in the affection of a numerous and distinguished alumni, lifts her triumphant towers to heaven, not alone in witness to the greatness of John Carroll and a long line of distinguished successors, but in testimony also of the exalted standards that have given her a unique place amongst the institutions of the country.

Georgetown can look back with pride over her past. Carroll was her founder, and Carroll was a great bishop and a great citizen. Neale and Maréchal of Baltimore, Flaget of Bard'stown, Dubourg of New Orleans, Vandeveld of Chicago, Fenwick of Boston, bishops whose names were as benedictions in their respective sees, were all connected with her, either in the capacity of presidents or professors. And there were other men, too, less, perhaps,

in the eyes of the world than these, but as great in the annals of the college. Kohlmann, professor to Leo XIII, Mazzella, afterwards cardinal, and Secchi, the renowned astronomer, all lent the lustre of their learning and their names to the old institution.

Distinguished as are her professors, her alumni are no less distinguished. Many of them have risen to the highest ranks in Church and State, ever true to the spirit of their college, whose motto has been their inspiration. From the humblest alumnus up the line to the most exalted, the Chief Justice of the United States, they have caught Georgetown's spirit, a spirit of unexcelled charity towards one another, intense loyalty to their Alma Mater, and unswerving devotion to the country and God. Georgetown's eagle has not been disgraced in her sons: her lamp of learning has not been dimmed by them; her cross has not been defiled by them; her orb, symbol of our country, has not been betrayed by them. Eagle and lamp and cross and orb are engraved on their hearts, carried in their affections, to the honor of their college and their own comfort.

The institution is blessed in her alumni and her alumni are blessed in her. She may well celebrate her 125th birthday. Festivities are hers by every right; so, too, are joy over the past and present and hope for the future. As the years gather on her venerable head may they bring with them their full measure of success and a warrant, too, that each succeeding decade may add to a glory nobly inspired and fairly won!

Nathan's Reception

The Catholic press has been accused of falsehood in saying that the reception given Nathan on his arrival in New York was conceived and carried out in a spirit of hostility to the Church. In view of this it is well to know the deliberate judgment of a body of men who have never been suspected of bias in our favor. This judgment is contained in the following letter written to the Brooklyn *Tablet*:

The New York *World* in last night's issue stated that the Junior Order of United American Mechanics was represented in the reception tendered the Roman ex-Mayor, Nathan, on his arrival in New York.

The Juniors were not represented. Here are the facts: The organization was invited to send a delegate to a committee of fifty prominent citizens who were to welcome the representative of the Italian Government. This invitation was turned over to Mr. William B. Griffith, Past State Councillor. He investigated the matter, learned of its anti-Catholic character, and withdrew from the thing altogether. I have these facts from his own lips, and I know he was not present, as he was to be the Junior Order representative on that reception committee.

Yours truly,
John F. Bennett.

Nothing could be more convincing. Nathan's reception was as anti-Catholic as could be. It was quite in keeping with his character, with the intention of the

dominant clique of petty Italian politicians who sent him, with the work which Nathan will do in this country, if he finds opportunity. Meantime, it rests with Catholics to show loyalty to sacred principles by withholding support of all kinds from an Exposition which, though set up in a land which owes so much to the Church, does not hesitate to welcome a man who hates and vilifies Catholic doctrine, and the Catholic clergy, from the humble priest to the exalted and holy old man who is Christ's vicegerent on earth.

Unionizing the Teachers

A peculiar situation has arisen in the public schools of Cleveland. Difficulties of various kind, reflecting but little credit upon the conditions of public education in the city, have in past years tended to lower the professional standard. Want of proper discipline led to practical revolution on the part of the pupils. The latest development is an open defiance of Superintendent Frederick and the School Board by the teachers who are seeking to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor. The Board of Education firmly ruled to expel all who joined a union thus affiliated. The consequence has been a suit on the part of the teachers to restrain the Board from carrying out its resolution. An injunction was asked for and the suit backed by the Cleveland Federation of Labor. President Gompers personally entered the field to carry on the agitation and spur the teachers to persist in their defiance. Emissaries of the Labor Federation are seeking to organize the teachers of the entire State under the union banner, and a resolution to this effect was passed at a mass meeting said to have been attended by five thousand persons. Such therefore is the situation.

No one certainly can deny the abstract right of organization. At Kiel, in Germany, there has just taken place the convention of the German Teachers' Association numbering 130,000 members. At the same time the Catholic teachers' league was holding its own congress, which was likewise numerous attended. Such organizations should ordinarily prove sufficient to safeguard their own interests. On the other hand we remember the disgraceful scenes enacted in France and the danger as well as scandal attending the radical movement of the public school teachers. Whatever may be said of the definite movement inaugurated in Cleveland, it is certainly not without serious dangers. What assurances are given, for example, that the schools might not at any hour be closed because of a reckless sympathetic strike such as can readily be declared in connection with the erection of a school building by an open-shop contractor, the introduction of non-union made school books, and countless other instances that need not here be enumerated? Union men, themselves, must realize the gravity of the situation as it affects their own children.

The plea for personal freedom made by President

Gompers is not to be stretched so far as to interfere with the common good of the community. There is a point at which freedom becomes license. The teacher in a public institution can not consider himself in the same condition with the man engaged to labor for a private enterprise. A general teachers' strike would mean general demoralization. A few radical members might suffice to precipitate such a calamity. Whatever therefore we may think of this movement it is not to be lightly considered either by teachers, union men or the general public. It contains grave dangers to which the popular agitators, espousing its cause with the object of increasing the strength of the American Federation of Labor, do not advert. Unionism, like capitalism, independent of religious guidance or principles, will naturally seek its own private economic advantage. To make this subordinate to the common good is not "to interfere with personal freedom and rights." These principles and considerations must be carefully kept in view.

Villa and the "Outlook"

Mr. Gregory Mason, the "staff correspondent of the *Outlook* in Mexico," contributes to the issue of June 6 a eulogistic sketch of Pancho Villa in which the following passage occurs:

Villa is doing his best to remove from his country an old incubus—the Church—which has been the friend of the capitalist aristocracy and the oppressor of the people since the days of the *conquistadores*. "I believe in God, but not in religion," Villa told me in his little office in the Bank of London building in Torreon. "I have recognized the priests as hypocrites ever since . . . I was twenty. . . . They are all frauds, the priests, and their cloth, which is supposed to be a protection, they use to entice the innocent. I shall do what I can to take the Church out of politics, and to open the eyes of the people to the tricks of the thieving priests." Apparently his programme thus far is successful. The only priest I could find in Torreon was in hiding in the house of a wealthy Irishman.

As Mexico owes her civilization chiefly to the apostolic labors of Spanish priests, it is not clear just how the Church has proved the country's "incubus" and the people's "oppressor." Perhaps the *Outlook* staff correspondent believes that the decadence of Mexico commenced when those 20,000 human victims ceased to be sacrificed annually to Huitzilopozotli and other Aztec deities, and Christian schools and churches began to dot the land. As to Villa's opinion of the morals of the clergy, is the testimony of a ruthless persecutor of the Church particularly trustworthy? The bandit with whom our government has been on such friendly terms does not believe in "religion" and has proved the strength of his convictions by driving the clergy and the Sisters from the towns he entered. Zeal in exposing "the tricks of the thieving priests" comes with very bad grace from one whose systematic use of blackmail is notorious. It is to be regretted that the "staff correspondent" has not been able to find in Mexico some worthier object of

eulogy than a merciless persecutor of the Church, and it is still more deplorable that the *Outlook* itself should lend its pages to the propagation of a crude, serious charge, crudely expressed, against a whole class of men, and that on the word of a bandit who passes from the singular to the universal, regardless of elementary logic.

Father Heuser

With the June number the *Ecclesiastical Review* completes its fiftieth volume and Father Herman J. Heuser, from the very beginning that excellent magazine's sole editor and conductor, rounds out the twenty-five years during which he has succeeded so admirably in keeping the periodical true to its lofty motto: "*Ut Ecclesia ædificationem accipiat.*" There is no one who has done more for Catholic literature in this country than Father Heuser. His magazine has long been fostering in the American clergy an enthusiasm for learning and it is due to his encouragement that the *Ecclesiastical Review* is now so well supplied with creditable contributions from our priests. In the complete index of the magazine, soon to be published, appears a long list of distinguished names from the Church's English-speaking clergy, who have written learnedly and gracefully on every subject that can be of interest or assistance to a priest, and Father Heuser is the magician who has first discovered, brought to light and then stored away in the fifty volumes of his magazine all these treasures.

The managing editor of the *Ecclesiastical Review* writes that Father Heuser had intended to announce in the current number of that magazine his withdrawal from the active work of conducting it.

For several months past he has been making provision for the continuing of the work of the *Review* by others. Whilst, however, he has resolved to entrust the more arduous editorial duties to a select corps of editors, it is the fervent hope of all that he will be spared for many years, in God's providence, to preside over the destinies of the work which has been so close to his heart and for which he has wrought so indefatigably and with such signal success.

It is scarcely necessary to state that AMERICA shares heartily this hope. With the troops of friends Father Heuser has made in all parts of the world we exclaim:

*Serius in coelum redeas; diuque
Laetus intersis populo Quirini!*

Self-Encouragement

The encouragement of others is one of the most useful, the noblest, the holiest occupations a man could take up. The columns of life are filled with want advertisements clamoring for this commodity. Ninety-nine out of a hundred want encouragement all the time, and the hundredth wants encouragement for twenty-three hours and fifty-nine minutes only every day. The radium supply is scarce and hard to get; the supply of encourage-

ment is more limited because no one gives encouragement and everybody wants and needs it. There is only one thing to be done. You must make up your mind to encourage yourself. Take yourself aside and reason with yourself earnestly. Laugh away fears, dismiss idle regrets, pick yourself up, shake off the dust, dry from the eyes the blinding tears, say something cheerful to yourself, put on a new smile, slap yourself on the back, light up a bright flame of hope, give another turn to the crank, and away you go with new vim and new energy.

Perhaps you will say that you do make an attempt at self-encouragement, but you confess to failure. It is likely you are flattering yourself or coaxing or deceiving yourself, and not truly encouraging yourself. You do not go deep enough. Encouragement, according to the makers of dictionaries, means putting heart into one. Courage and encouragement are allied in derivation and every-day life. You can not rear the solid structure of encouragement on the unstable foundation of self-deception. You can not put fiber into a rotten log by putting on it a veneer of oak; you must put into it a heart of oak.

Have you ever gone into the heart of this subject? Do you know what is the source of nine-tenths of the world's supply of discouragement? You will promptly answer dyspepsia. You are wrong. That is the source of the one-tenth. The nine-tenths are due to pride and to the most cowardly species of pride, human respect. If a man slips and falls on the side-walk, he looks around to find out whether he has been seen. If not, he brushes himself off, goes on his way and forgets all about the fall. But if one person saw him, and especially if many witnessed his plight, he will rehearse the different details of it to himself, caricature every part of it as it appears to others, will indulge in profanity, or be tempted to, will memorialize the newspapers, the mayor, the city commissioners, will make his fall a perpetual grievance, and declare emphatically, finally, with clenched fist and red face, that he will never expose himself to such a ludicrous mishap again. He is discouraged from walking because the crowd laughed. Now, is not that a parable giving the history of most discouragement?

The first thing, then, that the self-encourager must do is to forget the other man's sneer or laugh. Geologists revel in the mysteries of erosion, and they will tell you how a little pebble may be spun around on a large rock by the current of a stream, until it has worn a cavity which they call a pot-hole. Pride keeps the stream of consciousness playing on one failure until it has eroded a cavity of discouragement in the soul. Cut off the stream; forget the failure. Don't resort to artificial means for forgetting. Dutch courage is not the best kind of bravery and the Dutch encouragement of alcohol, or the Chinese encouragement of opium, or any other drug, merely postpones the encouragement. When the tide goes out, the corpse will be there worse than before.

Control your imagination as well as your memory. Take your difficulties on the installment plan. A man

may swallow deadly poison safely if he does but graduate the doses. The devil knows well how a vivid imagination, terrified by the prospect of a long evil, may benumb a resolute soul. He said to Ignatius Loyola: "You can't keep this up for fifty or sixty years." "Fifty or sixty years!" replied the Saint, "Who promises me that length of life? I'll keep this up till noon, and if alive then, I will hold on till evening."

Self-encouragement is the serum for tramps and degenerates and applicants for divorce and intending suicides, and for everybody else. Use it often.

LITERATURE

The Rationalistic Mind

I was standing by the sea-wall watching the green water foaming around the stakes of the breakwater, when my companion, a charming and elegant woman, turned to me:

"What is there in the water that fascinates one?" she asked.

"Do you feel the fascination?"

"Yes."

"Do you know why you feel it?"

"No."

"Shall I tell you?"

"Yes."

"Because you were once a swimming reptile."

"Thank you."

"Oh, there is nothing to thank me for, though the fact is the most glorious in the universe."

This is the way "The New Optimism" (The John Lane Company), a book by H. de Vere Stacpoole, starts out. The reader must not suppose the passage is in a light, comic vein; for the author is a rationalistic writer, a popularizer of modern philosophies somewhat like George Henry Lewes, and without much sense of humor. Why are rationalistic writings so dull? A spiritual treatise, translated poorly from the French, is of thrilling interest in comparison with these modern books that began to come into the world about the time of the late Mr. Darwin. Professional reviewers ought to be paid double time for having to plough through them. And yet, alas, these books are read widely. Otherwise well-known publishers would not handle them.

Why they are so popular is a question we will leave unanswered, beyond surmising that a style like Mr. Stacpoole's, of which the reader has a specimen before him, is found engaging by young minds that like to think that they are thinking. Mr. Stacpoole may be described on this occasion as a rationalistic Maria Edgeworth, benignly putting a modernized Harry and Lucy through all their more prominent rationalistic paces. The little dialogue above purls along poetically through some hundred broad-margined pages and then runs into a small reservoir of appendices, in which the dialogue is lost and we are treated to a bird's-eye view of the author's philosophic mind.

Mr. Stacpoole's theory of the universe is not hard to grasp. It does not go back further than the time when the whole of the solar system was a whirling zone of incandescent gas. Who put it there? He does not say.

Every thought that man has ever thought, every dream that man has ever dreamed, was lying unborn yet in the essence of that globe of incandescent vapor. . . . Long, long before the first germ of life began to form, matter in its own mind had worked out the problem of the seas and mountains. . . . I think the creation of the world was the result of the first vague struggle of the spirit of matter towards higher things. This is a bald statement of facts.

How did life enter into our universe?

Life was created by the explosion, so to speak, of this world energy, which, bound down by the limitations it had

reached in the inorganic world, burst the rigid bounds of its prison and found a new field for its labor in the construction of the higher organic world. And as the conditions of life were evolved through whirlwind and fire, so life itself had to go through violent stages before it reached its perfection in man. Man has been reached by teeth, just as the hills have been reached by fire. . . . The dove that was once a ptero-dactyl has come along the very path that the hills and the seas come along in their making—the path from negation and through ferocity to the benign.

Mr. Stacpoole again and again reminds us that he is "dealing only with known facts," and here is the basis of the "new optimism":

Now, can you see why the fact that I was once a swimming reptile—just as you were—devouring other reptiles, is a fact that I would not barter for all fancies? for by its light and by what astronomy and astrology and the other sciences tell me I can see that the world, taken as a whole, has a glorious and a definite meaning.

We can understand how all this might be consoling to "the world-soul," to the mind which thinks collectively and is developing with the centuries; but why it should be a source of intelligent optimism to the author's individual soul is a mystery we can not fathom.

"I believe in dreams," says Mr. Stacpoole in this book, "but I have no faith except in hard facts." This seems to us to be a very loose employment of words. It is characteristic of the language ordinarily in use among pseudo-scientific philosophers. It is this haziness of speech which makes them impressive to their unlearned readers; and it has the additional advantage of putting men beyond the possibility of refutation. We will not attempt to refute the remarkable statements of Mr. Stacpoole's book. It is his state of mind which interests us, the state of mind in which it is possible to ignore God and the individual soul, to see in the complex design of the universe and in the history of man, individually and racially, only "the spirit of matter," "a collective mind," whatever that is, heaving itself forever into higher and nobler forms, a state of mind in which it is possible to find in this theory of life grounds for optimism and "a faith that will fill you with new force."

We can not argue with a child, who in the exaltation of make-believe insists that a rose-bush is an Indian, and a wheel-barrow is a stage-coach filled with passengers in danger of ambush. The only course open to the Christian critic—since he and writers like the present author speak a different language and live on different planes of thought—is to inquire how rationalistic writers arrive at a mental point of view where history, individual experience, logic and the common sense of mankind have no value, where temptation finds repression, and sin remorse, and trouble and sickness and death a soothing balm and a serene strength, in the consciousness of a vague, universal, collective mind, working toward some distant, far-off perfection of this material universe. Whether we pity this state of mind because we believe it to be sincere, or are out of patience with it because we discredit its sincerity, or blame it because it is culpable, it is at least interesting to study it as a strange modern phenomenon and to cast about for some explanation of it.

An explanation has been frequently suggested to us by a common practice of rationalistic writers. We have not met one who has not taken it for granted that all the learned and refined world agrees with him in his rationalistic attitude toward religion, that only the ignorant, the unscientific, the superstitious and the grossly immoral portion of mankind still adhere to the Christian religion. If that were really true, the Christian religion would undoubtedly be in a bad way; and if the writer really believed that it were true we could hardly do anything else than applaud his rationalism. But we can not understand how such a conviction is possible to

any one who does not deliberately shut his eyes and cultivate blindness in order to pursue some vain or sinister end of his own. For every academic scorner of the Christian creed there are a hundred tobacco-chewing village atheists. Our cities are full of young rowdies and giddy women who are every bit as rationalistic as Haeckel himself. In "Fors Clavigera" Ruskin puts the matter a little more strongly than we would venture to do:

Have you ever taken the least pains to know what kind of Person the God of England once was? and yet do you not think yourselves the cleverest of human creatures because you have thrown His yoke off with scorn? You need not crow so loudly about your achievement. Any young gutter-bred blackguard your police pick up in the streets can mock your fathers' God with the best of you.

It might not be pleasant but it would be salutary were the rationalistic writer to keep this truth in mind. Christian Faith is not an outgrowth either of learning or of ignorance. Matthew Arnold wrote in one of his essays that Newman's was the noblest mind of the nineteenth century. Arnold himself ranks close to Newman in subtle and clear thinking. Yet Arnold was rationalistic and Newman profoundly Catholic. A man may be a Catholic and learned, or rationalistic and extremely ignorant. It is the most commonplace of statements. And yet the forgetfulness of this simple fact is, we conjecture, largely responsible for such strange views as those described by Mr. Stacpoole.

The intellect, when employed on the high theme of religion, must work in a moral atmosphere, and if that atmosphere is murky with passion, pride, and self-interest, the keenest intellect is no better than the meanest. Nay, it is worse. For it will shape whatever it describes through its distorting medium into such hallucinatory and hideous forms as only cultivated minds can evoke. Mr. Stacpoole refers once in this book, with an obvious air of self-contradiction and bewilderment, to "the homage which great and saintly souls lay at the feet of God by virtue, perhaps, of their truer sight of Him." He can afford to omit the doubtful note here. He has only to read history and to look around him to see that the moral heroism and beauty and completeness of a saintly life are not possible outside of that vision of God which Christ disclosed to us and denies to no man of good-will. The rationalists have no saints; never can have them. A religion with such a defect has clearly something the matter with it. "It is dangerous," says Joubert, "to differ from the poets in poetry, and from the saints in religion." JAMES J. DALY, S.J.

REVIEWS

Luther. By HARTMAN GRISAR, S.J. Authorized translation from the German by E. M. LAMOND. Edited by LUIGI CAPPADelta. Vol. III. St. Louis: B. Herder. \$3.25.

The third volume of the English translation of Father Grisar's famous work on Luther opens with a description of the organization and public position of the new church and closes with the futile attempts at reunion in view of a proposed council. There are distinct stages in Luther's career as a teacher. His first doctrine was one of pure radicalism or religious anarchy. It allowed private judgment in matters of faith to all. From this position he completely receded by laying down his own doctrine which all must accept or be anathema. For those who dared to differ with him, whether they were Papists or his own former followers, no abuse was too coarse. The delusion concerning a divine call on his part seems at last to have taken real possession of him. The violent doubts which arose and the difficulty he found in trying to believe his own doctrines he persisted in treating as temptations. It was a clear case of self-suggestion from a psychical point of view. How little claim he could lay to divine assistance in this matter is plain from his

own life, from the nature of his doctrines and from the inconsistencies with which his teachings abound. These facts are sufficiently set forth by the author.

It is particularly interesting to study Luther as a precursor of our modern Guardians of Liberty and *Menace* scribes. Like them he claimed for himself the monopoly on patriotism, while rending asunder his unfortunate country and stopping short of no falsehood or calumny to besmirch the hated Papists. "A Papist is a liar, a murderer, nay the devil himself." There are no exceptions; for no one can be a Papist "unless he is at the very least a murderer, robber or persecutor." As for his own followers he consoles them for their worst faults by saying that "our life even when it reeks most of sin is better than all their (the Papists') sanctity, though it should seem to smell sweet as balsam." In fact it is better "to be sunk in sin, to be prostitutes and utter scamps," than "to go to divine worship full of good works," but deny his doctrine.

Nothing is more presumptuous than Luther's teaching on sin, as we here find it set forth in his own words. Grisar rather extenuates than aggravates the case. In fact a considerable portion of the book is taken up with defending Luther against accusations that are unfounded or can not be verified. The pages, however, dealing with Luther's wonted treatment of sex matters, in jest and in earnest, are unavoidably coarse and obscene, owing to Luther's excessive foulness of language. Although the translation of these is more delicate than the original, they are not meant for youthful readers. Yet this man Luther, who now appears before the world in all his true nature, has long been represented as a saint, a delusion which no student of history can any longer entertain. The translation itself, we should mention, is very readable and dignified. J. H.

Letters of a Woman Homesteader. By ELINORE PRUITT STEWART. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$1.25.

"The literary discovery of the year," as this book has been termed, consists of letters written to a friend in Denver by a widow who went to live in Wyoming. There she "roughed it" on a ranch, and her real experiences, which were related with no thought of publication, are more interesting than most novels. As running a mowing machine, cooking for cowboys, milking the cattle, hunting and fishing, camping out with her little daughter Jerrine, showing at all times a neighborly spirit and having a remarkable gift for discerning and expressing the humorous and the picturesque were the author's duties, pleasures, or graces, it is not surprising that she became before long the bride of the canny Scot who employed her. Though they were married by the justice of the peace and her little son was named Calvin, Mrs. Stewart was brought up a Catholic, we infer from several passages in her letters. She thus writes, for instance, of joining Pedro and Carlotta, in their devotions:

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and myself and Jerrine, knowing the Rosary, surprised them by kneeling with them. It is good to meet with kindred faith away off in the mountains. It seems that there could not possibly be a mistake when people so far away from creeds and doctrines hold to the faith of their childhood and find the practice a pleasure after so many years.

The reader will prize highly an introduction to the "efficient" Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, to Zebulon Pike, Gavotte, the McEttricks and Mrs. Louderer. To know just what "cackleberries" are is as well worth while as to hear how the twins happened to be called Sedalia and Regalia, while the pathos of little Mary Ann's moonlight funeral, Cora Belle's devotion and Zebbie's romance, is sure to stir the hearts even of jaded readers. As for the dinners Mrs. Stewart has cooked, they would tempt an anchorite. W. D.

Social Forces in England and America. By H. G. WELLS. New York: Harper & Bros. \$2.00.

The string of essays that make up this 415-page book is, to borrow a word from the author, very "divaricating." He had written at various times on "The Coming of Blériot" and a flight of his own, on war and dreadnoughts, army and empire, labor unrest in its multiform manifestations, the diseases of parliaments, politics, peoples, sociologists, Socialists, marriage laws, doctors and authors, especially Sir Thomas More, Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton whom he admires enough to misrepresent in separate chapters; and having culled from former books his rather fantastic musings on future discoveries, the Great State and the United States, he unifies them all at \$2.00 net in a red cover, which also encloses an advertisement of his other books at similar prices. Socialistic propagandists who have won fame or notoriety seem as ready to make a good thing out of Socialism as was Mrs. Eddy out of "Christian Science," and have no scruple about making the down-trodden proletariat, whose distresses distress them so mightily, pay dearly for the output. But consistency is not a Socialistic virtue.

People may buy this well-written and clever, if often cloudy, compilation; but few, outside of conscientious reviewers, will read it through, and of these we doubt if any can spell out its message, for the author is not clear on it himself. He knows he has one that will reform the world, but though it has not yet formulated itself, its chaotic elements are so valuable that one may not be spared them.

Blériot's advent from France in an aeroplane opened out his mind to Britain's fatal backwardness. Worst of all her parliamentary system is a failure, and as no Socialistic substitute so far formulated will do, to remedy matters, we must wait till inventive doctors shall have remodeled our brains and stomachs, when the perfect man will construct a perfect State, which, by the way, must not be on American lines, for everything is going to the dogs here as well as elsewhere.

The trouble with Mr. Wells is that he ignores Christ and the Commandments, and the dominance of God in His world; and because "he hath said in his heart there is no God" he has missed the fruit of the high gifts with which nature endowed him and wrought himself into "the fool" of the Scriptures. One can read between the lines that he has some suspicion of the misdirection that led him into a *cul-de-sac*; and he says enough between times that is kindly-wise to incite the hope that he will retrace his steps, grow lowly-minded and learn at the source of Wisdom that every State here is imperfect, but may be rendered less so by the following of truth, and that only by so doing can one arrive at "The Great State," which is already perfect, but is located elsewhere.

M. K.

L'Idée Révolutionnaire et les Utopies Modernes. Par M. TAMISIER, S.J. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

The author of this excellent work tells us why he calls it the revolutionary *idea*, rather than the Revolution in practice. The reason is that the Revolution was neither exclusively nor principally a political work. It was, before everything else, a philosophic work. It abolished the old order, not because of the abuses they contained, but because they were irreconcilable with its philosophical principles. Of these the fundamental one was the innate goodness of human nature considered morally, not metaphysically. The natural tendency of that nature is to the moral good. If it commits wrong occasionally this is to be attributed to environment solely, to the interfering of the existing social order and its laws. Allow the beautiful human animal to develop unhindered its forces and native faculties in the atmosphere of free thought,

and it will tend necessarily to higher and higher perfection. In one word the people will always be right. This principle is the direct contradictory of Christianity which tells us that through the fall man's nature has been corrupted, that his intellect is darkened, his will is weakened and he has a strong inclination to evil, that this corruption is to be referred to the supernatural state in which man was created and not to his natural faculties. Hence not only does man, restored to the supernatural order, need all the supernatural aids of religion and religious authority exercised in the name of his Redeemer, but even considered in his natural faculties he needs to be governed and directed by lawful social authority to save him from running into every kind of injustice. Having established this, the author shows how in the working out of the Revolution in France, the revolutionary idea has always been applied, how the result has been chaotic, and the hopes fostered, utopian.

The book is most useful for other than Frenchmen. If we examine the social works that are being inaugurated continually, new methods of education, of the reform of youth, of the treatment of criminals, of procuring universal peace, to mention only a few, we shall find too often at the foundation of them the revolutionary idea; the principle of the innate moral goodness of human nature. This will be sufficient to convince us, not merely of their impracticability, but also of the impossibility, for Christians, of taking part in them.

H. W.

Shakespeare's Hamlet. Edited by JOHN LIVINGSTON LEWES. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$0.25.

Whether "Hamlet" is a fit subject of study for high school students is not the question. If study it they must, the teacher of the same would do well to peruse this school edition, before deciding on the text-book he means to use. Let him pass over the "Introduction," which is no worse than others, and turn to the "Notes and Comments" which occupy some ninety pages at the end. These he will find unusually helpful from a literary standpoint. He will find at the beginning of each scene, not a synopsis of its contents which would be worse than useless, but suggestive hints and questions to guide one in studying the construction of the play. Thus, on Act I, Scene 1, the editor notes succinctly what is expected of the opening of a play, asks us to examine for ourselves how this is achieved in "Hamlet," and bids us compare it with the opening of "Macbeth." Again, he will find a large number of study-provoking notes on individual lines; for instance on Act II, Scene 2, ll. 10-18, we are told to "observe what the King is really asking *Rosencrans* and *Guildestern* to do, and the skill with which he disguises his rather sinister import." Every text-book supposes a teacher. The chief duty of the teacher in using this edition will be to select judiciously from the mass of notes at his disposal, and to add out of his own abundance a little enthusiasm when he falls in with the greater passages of the play.

F. M. C.

Conference Matter for Religious. Compiled by Rev. FERREOL GIRARDEY, C.S.S.R. Two volumes. St. Louis: B. Herder, \$2.50.

These volumes, written in a plain and simple style, but abounding in apt precepts and earnest exhortation and enriched by many quotations from the writings of the saints, will doubtless prove very useful to religious in their efforts to attain perfection. Their effect will be to stimulate devotion rather than to fill the mind with light. Full and lucid explanation is not a characteristic feature of the work. There is little analysis of religious ideas and no very pronounced attempt to build on a solid foundation of ascetic theology. But for all that, there is a great deal of the wisdom of the

saints crowded into these volumes, and that, after all, is the most precious element in any treatise on Christian perfection. The author devotes special attention to the work of education and the instructions given on that subject are valuable, except, perhaps, on one point. The Spartan discipline and minute supervision so much insisted upon seem to savor of the régime which has obtained in many schools on the continent of Europe but which has been generally regarded as unsuitable to ours. Watchfulness on the part of the teacher can never be dispensed with, but one of the best auxiliaries of watchfulness is an encouragement given to manly and healthy pastimes, a point we should like to have seen brought into strong relief. This work, which is instinct with the truest religious spirit, should be widely read.

M. P. H.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

According to the *Bookman*, during the month of April the six "best-sellers" in order of popularity, as shown by statistics gathered from forty-two leading American cities, were these: "The Fortunate Youth," "Diane of the Green Van," "Penrod," "Overland Red," "The Devil's Garden" and "What Will People Say?" A perusal of the books named throws considerable light on the public's taste in fiction just now. The first on the list is a romance constructed on familiar lines. The story is about a boy of the slums, who ends by marrying a princess and becoming a parliamentary hero. It is a clean, interesting, well-written novel. "Diane of the Green Van," however, is far inferior to the preceding volume. The author tells a crude, tiresome tale of a rare beauty, who leads a gypsy life for a spell. "With an ominous hum an arrow whizzed through the trees and anchored in the flesh above his heart" is an example of the matter and style of the book. There are several disgusting pages in it describing a "eugenic" liaison. The novel is not worth reading. "Penrod," reviewed in *AMERICA* for May 30th, is a faithful portrait of an American boy. Harmless and amusing. "Overland Red," noticed in our issue of April 4th, is a romantic tale of the rugged West. Fairly interesting and quite harmless, except that murder is made light of by the author. "The Devil's Garden," which has been for months a "best-seller," both here and in England, is a powerfully constructed story and the most ably written of the six. But the author's theme is adultery; reticence is not one of his gifts, and the novel abounds in pages that will stain permanently the mind and heart of the reader. The book should be banned. "What Will People Say?" "Lubricity!" should be the answer, but instead the reviewers comment serenely on the faithful picture the story gives of New York's "smart-set." The novel is devoid of literary merit and is so foul that it should be burned. However, the least popular of April's best-sellers is morally the worst. That is a good sign. Nevertheless the fact that a novel has become a best-seller makes the book at once an object of suspicion. For the story "everybody is reading" has often proved to be the very book no one should read. But the conscience of publishers has become indurated and many reviewers are sadly remiss in their duty of guiding and warning the reader. Hereafter each month's best-sellers will be briefly appraised in this column.

Father Hull, the editor of the *Bombay Examiner*, has in every clime many friends and admirers who rejoice to learn from a recent number of that excellent weekly that "He cherishes the hope of being at the desk again after a month or two." The *Examiner* states that Father Hull's case is "nerve breakdown with no disease or complication attached. He hopes soon to slip into some light writing work so as to contribute something to the *Examiner*, and thus in time to reassume his old place, partially at first, and then totally."

This is good news. The Catholic press can ill spare, these days, an editor of Father Hull's ability.

The Oxford University Press have lately published for a low price attractive editions of Charles Kingsley's "Poems" (\$0.50), and Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "Poems and Translations" (\$0.30). Omitting with profit the former author's "Saint's Tragedy," the Catholic reader will find good English hexameters in "Andromeda," and many a musical lyric in the rest of the collection. "Rossetti" could, of course, be earthy enough at times, but "Dante" was keenly alive to the beauties of the great Tuscan poet and "Gabriel" could write beautifully of Our Lady and the saints.

The prominence of General Frederick Funston just now at Vera Cruz has led his enterprising publishers to bring out a new edition of "Memories of Two Wars" (Scribner's, \$1.50), a work which first appeared three years ago. The author tells a vivid story of his experiences as a filibuster in Cuba and as the Colonel of a Kansas regiment in the Philippines. In the General's opinion, "There never was a grosser slander against an army than the stories of church looting in the Philippines." He avers that "such articles as the soldiers brought home were usually purchased from Chinese or Filipinos," and that "in most cases the purchaser knew nothing of any sacred character that these articles may have had." What a cruel injustice has been done then to those honest and unsophisticated Philippine campaigners of ours, who mistook for tapestries the chasubles that were forced upon them and who accepted as banquet cups the sacred chalices that came their way. General Funston tells in another place how he was ready, "if worst came to worst" to take this advice of Kipling's:

Just roll to your rifle and blow out your brains
And go to your God like a soldier.

"A virtuous and Christian-like conclusion," indeed! The book is attractively printed and illustrated.

Writing in the June *Bookman*, on "Faber and His Hymns," Ira Seymour Dodd shows how much that author has suffered at the hands of Protestant editors. By placing in one column Father Faber's stanzas as he wrote them and in another the altered verses that appear over his name in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," Mr. Dodd shows what liberties have been taken with the original text. For instance,

O come and mourn with me a while;
See! Mary calls us to her side;
O come and let us mourn with her;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

becomes, in the Protestant hymnal,

O come and mourn with me a while;
O come ye to the Saviour's side;
O come together, let us mourn;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Thus the lines are effectively purged of "mariolatry" and papistical exaggeration—also of half their poetry and unction.

The President Emeritus of Harvard has delivered another allocution which the papers eagerly promulgated. He declares that Longfellow's "The Village Blacksmith," Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem" and Bryant's "To a Waterfowl" are three poems "every child should know." Dr. Eliot finds in the first "a beautiful picture of some of the best parts of human experience," in the second, "a very compact statement of the whole Unitarian theory about character," and in the third, the whole Unitarian view of the Providence of God." Having provided grown readers with a five-foot shelf of books, the Doctor has now given our little ones an attractive compendium of theology. It should be

observed that the children are not expressly forbidden to learn other poems. Wherein the verses mentioned are particularly Unitarian, however, is not clear. And should not Dr. Eliot in consistency have recommended one poem, not three?

Here are four spiritual books that recently came from Benziger Brothers: "The Narrow Way" (\$0.60) is another work by Father Peter Geierman, C.S.S.R., whose pen has been quite active of late. The book is a systematic exposition of the inner life for the laity, and contains an orderly digest of the laws that bind those walking the way of holiness. A good little book for June is "Half-Hours with God" (\$0.35), by the Rev. Joseph McDonnell, S.J., who convincingly points out the treasures of the Mass and the advantages of frequent Communion. "Saturdays with Mary" (\$0.35), compiled by one of her clients, gives suitable reflections and practices for Our Lady's day throughout the year. There is a new revised edition out of Father F. X. Lasance's "Prayer-Book for Religious" (\$1.50), which is so well packed with devotions of every description that those who can not find in it the prayers they want, must be very difficult to please.

"Jesucristo Meditatio y Contemplado," (Meditations on the Life of Our Lord.) (Gustavo Gili, Calle de la Universidad, Barcelona, 12 fr.) is a valuable collection of meditations on the life of Our Lord, arranged in three handy volumes for every day in the year, with added meditations on the festivals and for monthly retreats. The work has been commended by the Archbishop of Cambrai for its solidity, unction, and practical character. The division of the matter is clear and striking. The meditations on the Temporal Mission of the Word, for instance, speaks of "The Light announced, the Light scorned—the most despised, least comprehended, most obstinately rejected of all the great benefactors of humanity." The Spanish work is a translation from the French by Rev. Dionicio Fierro Gasca.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Beauchesne, Paris:

La Vie intime du Catholique. Par J. V. Bainvel. 1 fr. 25; De Vera Religione et Apologetica. J. V. Bainvel.

Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York:

The Amazing Argentine. By John Foster Fraser. \$1.50.

B. Herder, St. Louis:

Her Only Love, A Drama in Four Acts. By Rev. P. Kaenders. \$0.25; Private First Communion Instructions for Little Children. By Rev. James Nist. \$0.60; Francis Thompson. By John Thompson. \$0.90; The Catholic Library. No. 7. Holy Mass, Vol. II. By Rev. Herbert Lucas, S.J. \$0.30. No. 8. The Triumphs Over Death. By Ven. Robert Southwell, S.J. Edited by J. W. Trotman. \$0.30. The Life of Gemma Galgani. By Rev. Father Germanus, C.P. \$1.80.

Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston:

Nurses for Our Neighbors. By Dr. Alfred Worcester. \$1.25; Letters of a Woman Homesteader. By Elinore Pruitt Stewart. \$1.25; Religious Confessions and Confessants. By Anna Robeson Burr. \$2.50; The Ministry of Art. By Ralph Adams Cram, Litt.D. \$1.50.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York:

The Modern Oxford Tracts: The Relation of the English Church to the Non-Episcopal Communion. By Rev. W. J. Sparrow Simpson, D.D. \$0.20; The Moral Perfection of Our Lord Jesus Christ. By Rev. H. L. Goudge, D.D. \$0.36; The Solidarity of the Faith. By Charles Gore, D.D., Bishop of Oxford. \$0.20; The Threefold Strand of Belief. By Professor Henry Scott Holland, D.D. \$0.20; Through an Anglican Sisterhood to Rome. By A. H. Bennett. \$1.35. Lourdes. By J. Jorgensen. Translated by Ingeborg Lund. \$0.90; The Waters of Twilight. By Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J. \$1.20.

J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia:

The Heart of the Antarctic. By Sir Ernest Shackleton. \$1.50.

Charles E. Merrill Co., New York:

Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Helen Elizabeth Davis. \$0.40.

Fr. Pustet & Co., New York:

Landesgötter und Heren. Von Konrad von Bolanden. \$0.60; Gesetz und Praxis in der Kirchenmusik. Von Dr. Otto Drinkwelder. \$0.30; Entwürfe zu Herz Jesu Predigten. Von Hugo Hurter, S.J. \$0.60.

The Talbot Press, Dublin:

Gemma Galgani: A Child of the Passion. By Rev. Philip Coghlan, C.P.

Transcript Publishing Co., Uxbridge, Mass:

Gathered Waiflets. By George McAleer; Ireland's Contribution to the Progress of Other European Countries. By George McAleer.

Librairie Téqui, Paris:

Allocutions et Sermons de Circonstance. Par Mgr. Julien Loth. 3 fr.; Retrait d'Enfants. Abbé Henri Morice. 3 fr.

University of California Press, Berkeley:

The Beginnings of Spanish Settlement in the El Paso District. By Annie E. Hughes. \$0.75.

EDUCATION

Where Will You Send Him?

I mean that eighteen-year-old boy of yours, who is bothering you this week with his rehearsals for the high school commencement? Your devout Aunt Evelyn prescribes a Catholic college for George Henry. But you know, and everybody knows, that Catholic colleges are so inferior; and it is for that reason that you never cared to visit them. You could, of course, just pack him off to the most flourishing secular college in your neighborhood, and leave the rest,—well, to evolution. But you realize that George Henry's evolution is not going to be spontaneous. Mere halls and college yards will not transform him from an awkward caterpillar into a cultured butterfly. There must be an influence to mold and develop him; and the prescription will depend on the question: What influence do you want for your boy, and where will he get it?

You will probably demand first some sort of intellectual influence. You know that George Henry is not a dull boy, but he certainly needs a good strong daily discipline for his callow mind. What mental influence will stimulate him at our large Universities? If he aspires after the Goddess Wisdom, he will not positively be prevented from courting her, provided that, by isolation from engagements in town and a hundred and one vanities of "College activities," musical, athletic, artistic, dramatic and social—mostly social—he may find time at least to memorize the titles of his text-books. Why worry? He will have at the disposal of his pocket-book a corps of marvelously efficient tutors, who in the still, small hours that precede the semi-annual examinations, will skilfully cram him and his five room-mates,—sustained by cheese sandwiches and a keg of beer,—with four months' learning in as many evenings.

George Henry, of course, has learned his catechism and prayers, and has been going to Communion every month, and is really such a sensible lad, that you doubt if any shadow of turning will cross his mind when he hears that Pope Gregory VII was a tyrant; that Cavour and Mazzini were the noblest of patriots; that we are all evolved from the absolute Ego, that the idea of art is æsthetic paganism, that Abraham was a sun-god; Joseph of Egypt the first capitalist, and Christ Himself the first Socialist; that marriage is an archaic humbug, and morality a failure. You hope too that he may not be affected in any degree by the delightful breadth of the literary course, the unexpurgated editions of the classics. Nor,—more effective than all of these,—by the universal assumption, the spirit of utter religious indifferentism that penetrates the halls and chapels of our universities as the London fog curls up into the stately vaults of Westminster Abbey.

If it stands thus with intellectual forces, what can you expect of the moral influence? Can you expect the university authorities, disarmed as they are of religious motive power, sacramental helps and well-tried disciplinary methods, to supervise and manage the morals of the students? A few rules concerning attendance, registration and good order, some hap-hazard personal effort on the part of a few noble-hearted individuals, and some heroic striving against big obstacles by a zealous neighboring pastor, these are to stouten George Henry's heart against the whole world of license in doctrine and discipline, in work and companionship, into which he is to be plunged for four long, hot, exciting, distracting years. The

town-bound evening car, and not the dean's spotless office will be his school of morality.

Best of all, if you could yourself live for a time in one of our university towns, and study the matters at close range, as did recently the mother of one of our most gifted and loveable Catholic young men! She had sent her boy to one of the most eminently proper of our eastern universities, hoping for his brilliant success, socially and intellectually. She had but one word to describe what she learned there: it was license, genteel, but devastating. As she sat by the bed in which her boy lay, wrecked in mind and body, faith and morals, poisoned with drink and nicotine, she mournfully recalled the conditions in which he had learned that lesson of license: the insistent religious scepticism, the waste of time and money, the absence of physical exercise—for it is surprising how large a proportion of the secular college students engage in no form whatever of athletics,—the "Gold Coast" prices paid for bare rooms, expensive furniture, bad sanitation and worse food, the lack of privacy, order and guidance. How many of our Catholic parents really *know* the conditions under which their children will be forced to live?

Perhaps, however, you will hazard all the rest, mental and moral welfare, on the single die of social prestige. But supposing that you are willing to hazard it, would it not be well to be sure whether even the social influence, whatever be the common belief, be really and effectively present? There is an influence at the secular college, and it is a social influence, so potent as to color every phase of college life, but it is not the social influence which you are seeking, that which will put the seal of culture upon him, and ensure his wide acquaintance and general recognition in after life. It has a certain restraining power of its own, deterring from outward boorishness, or eccentricity, but that power is exercised within very narrow limits. The American secular college as such does not refine. Its social and formative power is not exerted by the classroom, or average professor, or anything officially connected with the college, but by the clubs, which are an excrescence, but an excrescence which controls the main body.

Either George Henry will make his club or he will not. If he does not, or if he makes a club low in the social grade, he may as well stay at home if he is looking for social advancement. In your belief, and in the belief of countless unwitting Catholic parents, the thing that counts socially is the fact that George Henry is the member of such a university or such a class. In point of fact, George Henry will soon realize full well,—though he may be ashamed to acknowledge it at home, and will flaunt proudly in the home circle the college (not club) color, which counts for nothing at the university,—that his college or class affiliations count socially for very little. They count for nothing now: he is ostracized by the youthful club-men, and the rest are ciphers like himself. They are not all poor boys either. Wealth does not always unlock the magic door, and the college has plenty of "upholstered nonentities." They will count for nothing after graduation; for in the social world he will be known merely as a past member, or not a member, of the Q. E. D. Club or the Pachyderman. He will have obtained precisely the opposite of what you had planned for him. He will be hall-marked definitely and permanently as a social failure;—and that is the stamp attached by the malignant irony of fate, and by sharp boyish insight, upon just those young Catholic toadies, who have sacrificed their mental and moral training for a social prestige that vanishes mockingly as they attempt to grasp it.

It is not likely that he will make his club, unless he has been registered at birth on the waiting-list of some fashionable preparatory school, and has pulled his carefully laid wires

from earliest years up. But if the all-potent influence of the club does treat him benignly, he will enjoy the very narrow society of the chosen few at the expense of the chief element in a gentleman's make-up: strength and independence of character. It is not the management of the clubs themselves that is chiefly at fault. Despite their secrecy, there is often fairly clean living within their walls. The evil is in the imposition of an absolute conformity to a fashionable pagan, and certainly unmoral, if not immoral, standard. There are occasionally young men who, by great social gifts and strength of character, can retain their popularity and "club-ability," while avoiding the evident pit-falls; and these are often pointed to by apologists of the secular universities, but they are, and will remain, striking exceptions.

One who comes to a Catholic college from one of the secular universities, is surprised beyond anything else, at finding in them just what he had expected to find, and was disappointed in, elsewhere: the real college spirit, a distinctly refining and taste-building educational influence, and the unrestrained, open-hearted, society of gentlemen. These features are the glory of the Catholic college; and should be proclaimed as such. The breeze of faith and Christian democracy has, so far, blown away the miasma of toadyism. For a Catholic college-man, the college is a true and vivifying Alma Mater, the real source of his culture and the theatre of his social development. It is time to annihilate the erroneous notion that our Catholic colleges lack gentlemen as cultivated, as courteous and manly and socially well equipped as the most exclusive clubs of Harvard or Princeton; and if they are less prominent now,—because of their instinctive modesty—they will be better known in later life. Perhaps if you weigh these pros and cons you may look in more kindly manner upon Aunt Evelyn's counsel.

JOHN LAFARGE, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

Wines and Spirits

To appreciate properly the work against alcoholism, to which Catholics are giving their aid under the direction of their bishops and pastors, it is highly important to have a clear idea as to what the enemy is. The Pope has blessed the crusade; but one need not waste time and space in proving that he has no idea of blessing a movement for the abolition of the wine of his Italian fellow countrymen, of his French and Spanish children, or of the beer of his German flock. But is not wine alcohol? No, it is not; and when this is understood a considerable step forward will have been made in the cause of temperance. Wine is generically alcoholic, it is true; it can be broken up by the application of heat, and one of the results of that breaking up is alcohol. But it is not dilute alcohol, such as would be a mixture of alcohol and water. It does not contain alcohol formally as do some liqueurs. It is a distinct substance. This fact, insisted upon in the Wine Makers' Congress a few years ago, was the foundation of the demand to exclude from the use of the name, not only artificial products, but also manipulated wines, *i. e.*, wines sweetened with sugar, fortified with spirit in such a way that they become mere mixtures. It is the foundation of the strict rules of the Church regarding the preparation of sweet wines for the altar. For this preparation the addition of distilled brandy is necessary; but it must be added at the time and in that quantity only that will allow of its entering into substantial union with the wine, so that at the end of the fermentation is had the substance, wine; not mixture of wine and alcohol, which would be, to say the least, very doubtful matter for the sacrament. There is a very important conclusion to be drawn from this fact, namely, that whatever may be the ill effects of alcohol upon the human system, these are not to be transferred neces-

sarily to real wine. Wine is a true beverage. We have the testimony of thousands of years to this. It is a healthful beverage according to the same testimony. Excess in it is injurious; but so is excess in tea, coffee, or even postum. But why ferment it? Why not drink grape juice? "Why should I cast aside the drink of my people for ages," an Italian might say, "for your novelty? I tried grape juice once and found it very disagreeable. Indeed, I am by no means sure that it is the juice of the grape at all. Pardon me, but I prefer my Chianti." It is easier to fall into excess in wine than in tea. Suppose it be so, this is a reason for regulating the sale of wine, not for forbidding even its manufacture, and the regulation should touch especially the manipulated wines. What has been said of wine is true also of beer, which is likewise a real beverage, the product of natural fermentation.

But with regard to spirits, the matter of the greatest part of drunkenness, inasmuch as this is a social evil calling for remedy, the case is very different. Spirits are not a beverage, and they are, we believe, nothing else than alcohol more or less diluted. Brandy and water, or whiskey and soda, even though it contains no more alcohol than could be extracted from the same quantity of wine, if used habitually, will have ill effects the wine will never produce. Indeed, when wine becomes physically injurious though not taken to excess, it will be found to be, not pure natural wine, but manipulated, and therefore containing free alcohol. But how few confine themselves to weak spirits and water. The bottle stands beside them and they yield easily to increase the proportion of spirits. The true tippler scorns any mixture and takes his spirits straight. Spirits so taken are useful sometimes as a stimulant. But a stimulant as such is a medicine, not a drink. Because it is a stimulant it is to be used sparingly, for nothing is more hurtful than over-stimulation of any kind. It is one extreme, of which starvation is the other; and wise philosophers tell us *contrariorum eadem est ratio*.

The anti-alcoholic crusade should, by reason of its very name, be directed particularly against the abuse of spirits. The first step belongs to Government, which, in every land, should cease looking on them as a source of revenue. So long as this is not done, the restriction of distillation within the very narrow bounds that will allow the production of all that is necessary will be hardly possible. We may quote here the noble words of the Czar of Russia to his Minister of Finance: "I have come to the firm conviction that the duty lies on me, before God and Russia, to introduce into the management of the State finances and of the economic problems of the country fundamental reforms for the welfare of my beloved people. It is not meet that the welfare of the Exchequer should depend upon the ruin of the spiritual and productive energies of numbers of my loyal people." When this principle is taken into the financial policy of every nation, and the due distinction between fermented beverages and distilled liquors is firmly established, we may hope for rational legislation that will destroy drunkenness as a social plague. This is all we have a right to expect. To take it away absolutely as a personal sin is beyond the power of legislation. In this matter all that can be done is to restrict the occasions of the abuse of what is in itself lawful, without hampering the liberty of using God's gifts. But no one can complain of legislation that takes away entirely the irrational use as a drink of what, by the nature of things, is clearly nothing of the sort.

H. W.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

The energetic Bishop Mundelein, auxiliary to Bishop McDonnell in the great and growing diocese of Brooklyn, has announced the establishment of a preparatory seminary for boys intended for the priesthood. Work will be begun on the buildings immediately, and it is hoped that one of these at least will be ready for occupancy in the fall. There

will be five buildings in all, capable of accommodating 500 students. The college, which is to be under the direct care of the Bishop of Brooklyn, is a notable addition to the already large number of Catholic educational institutions in the diocese.

The papers have just reported an "unusual service" which was held in a theatre in one of our large cities. Christians and Jews met together in the "worship of Jehovah." The service consisted in reading from the Psalms and the book of Isaiah and in the singing of hymns which contain no reference to Christ. This is scarcely credible. It is almost impossible to believe that Christians would be party to an act of adoration which of set purpose denied to the Saviour of the world His right to the homage of all men. Are Christians to become the greatest enemies of the Christian religion?

On June 5 the Xaverian Brothers observed the diamond jubilee of their foundation. Bruges, the city in which the congregation was founded, took a large part and a just pride in the celebration. The Brothers came to America in 1854, and since then their heroic work has been blessed by God in a most remarkable way. The little company which landed on our shores has increased to some 250 zealous, devoted men who are laboring in eleven dioceses. Their colleges are five in number, academies, six; elementary schools, seventeen; industrial schools, five; homes for boys, three. The Brothers have deserved well of the Church and are entitled to the prayers and good wishes of all Catholics.

The Catholics of Roslindale, Mass., have placed our press under a debt of gratitude by inaugurating a movement to promote the reading of Catholic papers and magazines. On a recent Sunday specimens of all the available publications were exhibited in the basement of the church; papers were distributed at the door; and the pastor preached an impressive sermon on the Catholic press. He urged upon his people not only the necessity of helping the press, but also their obligation to do so, quoting extensively from the Councils and the sayings of Popes to support his contention. The movement is worthy of sympathy and imitation. Unless vigorous and fearless Catholic papers are widely circulated religion will suffer great detriment.

The Third Biennial Meeting of the National Conference of Catholic Charities is to be held at the Catholic University at Washington, September 20-23. In view of the constantly increasing interest taken in Catholic charities and the impetus given to the work of organization in this important field of Catholic activity, a large and representative gathering of the men and women most intimately connected with the various departments of Catholic charities is expected. The solemn opening Mass will be sung by his Excellency, Mgr. Bonzano. The general meetings will be held on the evenings of September 20, 21, 22. The other work will be done in section meetings. These are simultaneously conducted in four departments concerned respectively with the consideration of families, sick and defective, children, and social and civic activities.

Father John Clayton, S.J., who was Visitor and Provincial of the New Orleans Province of the Society of Jesus, 1894-1897, died recently at Bournemouth, England, in his seventy-fourth year, and the fifty-fourth of his religious life. Educated at Mount St. Mary's and Stonyhurst, he became rector of Mount St. Mary's three years after his ordination in 1876, and continued to fill positions of government until his death. He was rector of Beaumont, Wimbledon and St. Mary's Colleges and

St. Bueno's Theologate, Superior of Bescombe, for five years Provincial of England, and again acting Provincial at the age of seventy-three. He was noted for straightforward honesty and business efficiency, and while responsible for many great undertakings carried out by others, always kept himself in the background. The continuity of his active service through a long life was interrupted only by death.

A recent report states that 91 libraries, representing an expenditure of over \$1,500,000, are now established in the South. Of the 92 graduates of the Atlanta library school, 56 have found permanent employment in these libraries. The South too is showing a keen appreciation of art and culture. In answer to a call sent from Fort Worth, Texas, five years ago, the American Federation of Arts started a traveling exhibition of pictures and sculpture. Since then 23 such exhibitions have gone to 114 places, many of them in the Far South, and have been visited by 300,000 people. Wealthy Catholics would promote a good cause by donating books to the libraries of this section of the country, where prejudice against the Church is so general and strong.

Boston has incidentally discovered that the children of foreign-born parents read a better class of books than their American brothers and sisters. This fact was quoted by John Foster Carr, director of the Immigration Education Society, who added:

The community life of our foreign colonies rapidly passes. Its picturesqueness and foreign customs vanish. Its theatres and festivals, even its music, die. And in spite of every effort, its speech is slowly lost.

The speaker might have extended his remarks to the morals and religion of a vast many immigrants. These vanish, too, to the detriment both of the individual and the State.

A recent communication from the Philippines presents a picture of Protestant missionary effort which is a scandal before God. The simple folk were invited to a motion-picture exhibit conducted by a missionary who had come "for the sole purpose of informing and amusing the people." Every effort was made to induce the Filipinos to enter the tent. A doctor gave free consultation and admonished all who came to him not to miss the entertainment; and a motor car was sent up and down the street morning and evening for purposes of advertisement. The entertainment was in three parts. The second part consisted of pictures of the "Life of Christ," with explanations by the missionary. This whole lecture was a vile attack on priests and bishops. The third part was the "Life of the Pope." This is better passed over in silence; but perhaps it might point a lesson to say that pictures of a number of the Pope's wives were thrown on the screen! The missionary who descended so low is a prime favorite of the Governor-General, who recently invited him to officiate at the dedication of a new bridge, whatever that may mean. Such facts make the indifference of American Catholics to their Filipino brethren doubly sad.

The following is from a Protestant religious paper:

ALBANIA: "Come over and help us."

Of the inhabitants sixty-five per cent. were Moslems. The Albanian language was not tolerated, they were hindered from cultivating their fields, or opening schools, or printing books or papers in their language.

When recently freed they chose a Protestant prince, and their leaders have proclaimed through their country that Mohammedanism has been a curse, and that they desire to be Protestants. They are calling for England and America to come to their help. The country is as beautiful as Switzerland, and the climate better than the Riviera. They are frugal, industrious, sober, independent, honest, without national vices, and with deep respect for womanhood. They

trace their national faith to the preaching of Paul the Apostle, and desire to return to it. Turkey has ruled them four hundred and fifty years.

It is hard to believe that the publisher of this is in good faith. One had only to read the papers to know that the Prince of Wied was not elected by the Albanians, but put over them by the European powers. As for Albanians wishing to be Protestants, we doubt if they have a clear conception of what Protestantism is. Should one be daring enough to go and tell them and suggest that they embrace it, he might possibly escape with his life, but he would carry with him appreciations of his religion and of himself that would serve to exercise him in humility for the rest of his days.

Mgr. Patrick J. Hayes, chancellor of the diocese of New York, and president of Cathedral College, has been appointed auxiliary bishop to His Eminence, Cardinal Farley. The new bishop, who has had a distinguished career, was born in 1867, and was graduated from Manhattan College. He was ordained to the priesthood in Troy, and later pursued higher studies at the Catholic University, Washington. Since 1903 he has been chancellor of the diocese and president of Cathedral College. He was made a domestic prelate in 1907, and is now a bishop in recognition of his learning and zeal. About the same time that Mgr. Hayes was raised to the purple, the Holy Father conferred a like honor on Mgr. Thomas J. Shahan, Rector of the Catholic University, who was created titular Bishop of Philippopolis. Bishop Shahan was born in Manchester, New Hampshire, in 1857, studied in Montreal and at the American College in Rome. On his return to this country he worked in the New Haven diocese, where he was chancellor in 1882-1883. From 1891-1909 he was professor of Church History in the Catholic University; in the last-named year he became rector of the university and was made a domestic prelate by His Holiness. He is the author of an excellent series of historical papers and has done notable work for the "Catholic Encyclopedia," of which he was one of the editors.

We learn from a Protestant Episcopal newspaper, that services are being carried on for Lithuanians in the Church of the Evangelists, Catherine Street, above Seventh, Philadelphia. The pastor is the Rev. V. R. Deljonas, in "Greek orders." For reasons best known to himself, he has transferred his obedience from Bishop Ortynski to Bishop Rhinelander, who, consequently must be held responsible for the services such as they are. In these the pastor uses the Roman missal, but takes the prayer of consecration from the Book of Common Prayer, unknown to his congregation. Why he does so is not easy to see, since he acknowledges that he believes in and teaches transubstantiation, and gives communion in one kind. The Protestant Episcopal newspaper says it makes little difference to the Lithuanians what form is used. We fancy that, if they knew how they were being imposed on, they would show the newspaper that it is mistaken. The paper calls the affair "an interesting combination." That is not quite the expression we should use or any straightforward Protestant either.

We learn too that the Lithuanians are the successors of an Italian congregation that was "not particularly successful"; a euphemism for "a dead failure." No doubt the Lithuanian experiment will go the same way. One may suspect that the Church of the Evangelists is not the only place where Episcopalians are deceiving the unhappy immigrant. We read an advertisement of an Episcopal Italian Church in New York: "On all Sundays and Festivals: Mass at 9 a. m.—Vespers and sermon at 5 p. m." Is the Roman missal in use there also, we wonder?